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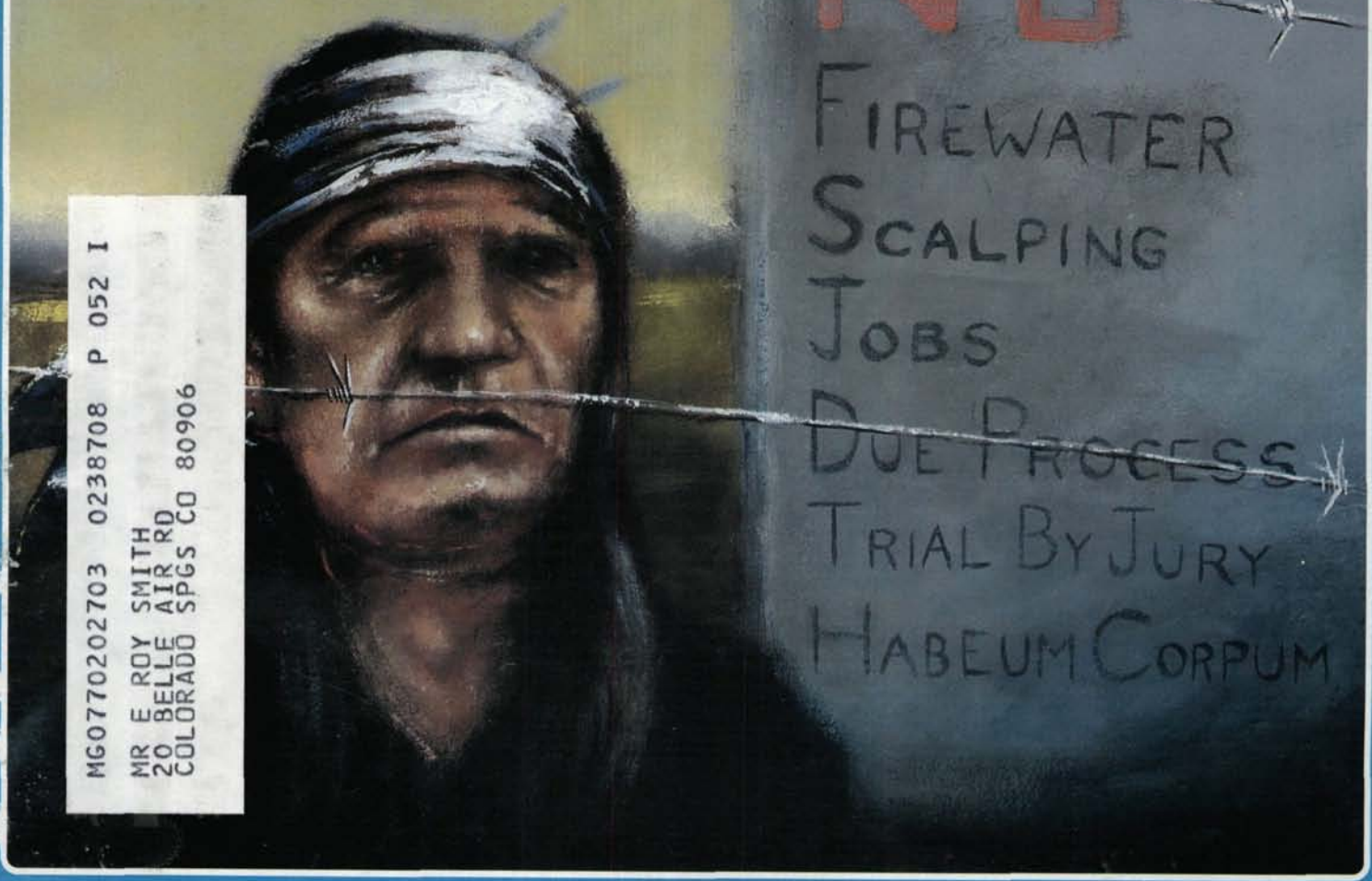
On The Reservation:

America's Apartheid

Edward F. Williams



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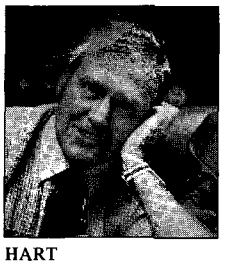
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Tribal chiefs run their reservations like despots, while the Indians under their control are left without jobs, without rights, without hope. The reservation system is a national disgrace. *Ted Williams*

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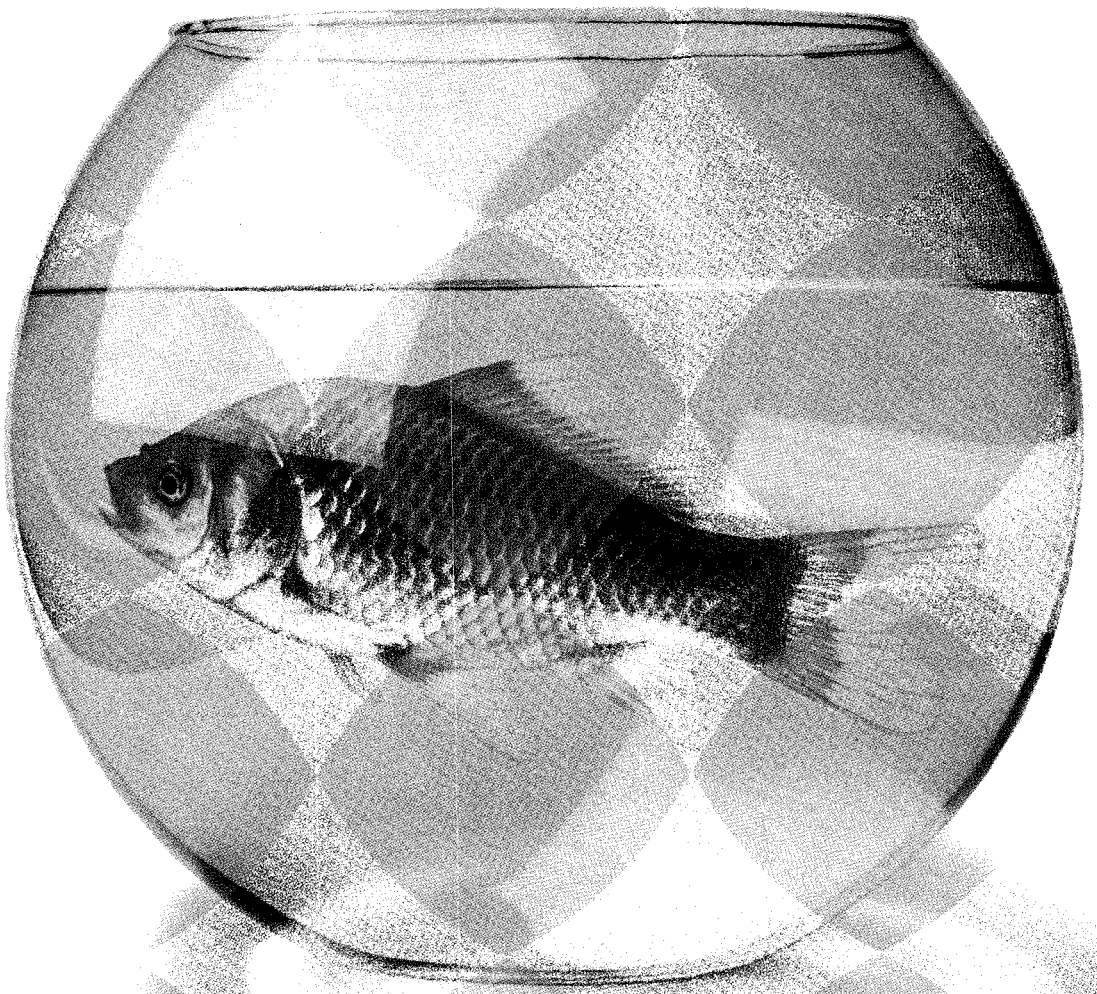

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LETTERS

Baby, Please Don't Go

Picking up right where "The New Pro-Life Rebels" [Feb. 27] left off, Maggie Gallagher's "Womb to Let" [April 24] really cleaned this "liberal boy's" clock. I especially agree with her—despite my strong feelings about the sanctity of contracts—when she says that society should not "create special institutions to encourage such emotional dissociation" as is caused by surrogate motherhood.

But I'm perplexed about what exactly constitutes "emotional dissociation." Is this only experienced by Baby Ms separated from their biological moms, or is it the lot of any adoptee by definition? Say Mrs. Stern obtained a child through adoption: Would that child be any different from Baby M? Unfortunately, adoption involves the same dissociation that Miss Gallagher deplores when she cites the "temporary insanity" of women who give away someone who has grown inside them.

Isn't a lady like Mrs. Stern just as crazy for wanting to play mom and go through the motions with a kid she has no link to? In that sense, dissociation seems to be a two-way street.

Andrew Poppy
Hoboken, N.J.

Affirming the Flaccid

Clearly, it is morally wrong for the United States Government to require discrimination against white males ["Tribal Justice," "The Week," April 24]. But it should also be pointed out that affirmative action undermines our nation's competitiveness in the world marketplace. A nation that chooses under-qualified applicants for important jobs merely to satisfy some arbitrary statistical balance between the sexes or the races is going to do less well in the long run than a nation that chooses the most able applicants for those jobs. You don't see the Japanese handicapping themselves by discriminating against the male half of their population.

John Carter
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Philosopher Pol

Reading David Brooks's "The Young Pol's Guide to the Brave New World" [April 10], I was reminded of the haunting words that Plato puts in the mouth of Socrates: "The true champion of justice, if he intends to survive even for a short time, must necessarily confine himself to private life and leave politics alone" (*Apology* 32a); and again: "Unless the philosophers rule as kings or those now called kings and chiefs genuinely and adequately philosophize, and political power and philosophy coincide in the same place, . . . there is no rest from ills for the cities, my dear Glaucon, nor I think for human kind" (*Republic* 473c-d).

Well, I'm not quite as pessimistic as Plato, but I do not agree with Bruce Fein that the intellectual climate has to change before any real progress can be made. That's why the work of *NR* and other journals is so important. Keep it up!

W. Geoffrey Rommel
San Francisco, Calif.

Containing MADmen

One argument in favor of the Strategic Defense Initiative ["SDI Watch," March 13] that has yet to receive the consideration it deserves is that a limited deployment could be quite effective in countering accidental launches (one to 12 re-entry vehicles). A favorite liberal nightmare is the scenario Hollywood made famous in *Failsafe*, *Dr. Strangelove*, *War Games*, etc. A limited SDI deployment could protect both the U.S. and the USSR from a war-igniting mistake without threatening the MAD balance.

Also, as more nations join the nuclear club (particularly from the Third World), it is only a matter of time until a madman acquires the technology that would give him the capability for nuclear blackmail. A limited SDI deployment would guard against this inevitable threat, permitting the development of SDI technology without baiting the Bear with a full-scale missile defense.

Joseph Schmidt
Baltimore, Md.

Economix-Up

NR ["SDI Watch," Feb. 27] has made the all too common mistake of viewing military questions from an economic perspective.

In essence, a productive economy can afford to "lose money" while it pursues a goal it values as worth the price. SDI, should it prove effective, does not also need to be economically efficient.

If cost were really the driving factor, we would not be bothering with de-

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fenses at all, since more ICBMs would be "cheapest" of all.

Kelly M. Haggar
Edmond, Okla.

Finn Line

In an otherwise interesting article on Soviet nationality problems ["Gorbachev Facing Faith & Nationality," March 27], Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's paragraph about Finland and Karelia was somewhat misleading.

The only major part of Eastern Karelia seriously claimed by Finland was the strip of territory around Lake Ladoga captured by Stalin in 1940. Otherwise, the cautious Finns have tried to avoid conflict with their giant neighbor. In any case, Finnic-speaking tribes are scattered all across northern Russia as far as the Ural Mountains.

In 1940, the Soviets gave sparsely inhabited Eastern Karelia an inflated "Republic" status as a possible vehicle for reuniting a socialist Finland with the Russian empire. After Stalin's death, the Soviets finally abandoned plans to annex Finland. At that point, the Karelian "Republic" was demoted to its former "Autonomous Republic" status.

Hugo S. Cunningham
Omaha, Neb.

Bedtime for Bozos

In reference to the item entitled "Spy Time" ["The Week," April 10] dealing with the so-called "McCarthy period," I wonder if it isn't about time to discard expressions such as "looking for Communists under the bed" and apply ourselves to the true issue, which was perjury.

During the period of time in question, all applications for federal employment required a signed oath declaring that the applicant did not belong, and never had belonged, to the Communist Party or any other institution sworn to overthrow the U.S. Government. The Communist Party was *non grata* in this country before the "enlightenment." A case in point was an Army dentist by the name of Peress, who was found to be a card-carrying Communist.

Senator McCarthy was hounded to his grave for doing his job, and it's about time our ears ceased being assaulted by the word "McCarthyism."

Charles J. Hallett
Babylon, N.Y.

Christianizing Fears

I was most impressed with Mr. Feder's "The Kosher Majority" [April 10] and with your perspicacity in publishing it. I do feel, however, that Mr. Feder neglected to stress an important point.

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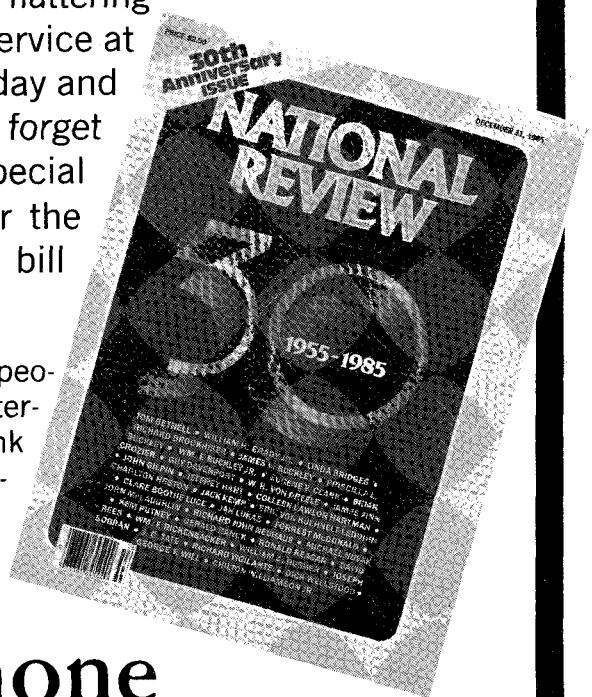

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The most often quoted fear of the liberal Jew, to support the repugnance he feels for the Fundamentalist Christian and, to a lesser degree, the Catholic conservative intelligentsia, is that these groups would, if given the opportunity, Christianize America.

Now, the "kosher majority" understands that in many cultural ways America *is* Christianized, and all that the advocates of religious values wish to introduce is a commitment to a more moral lifestyle with faith in Divine guidance and teachings. It does not mean a return to persecution and discrimination.

It cannot, though, be overlooked that the expression "the Christianizing of America," used by some Fundamentalists, is a most unfortunate one, as it cannot help but conjure up negative associations for Jews, whose memories are prodigious. Jews need regular reassurances that the program of the Right does not include religious coercion. After all, Jews in this country are a small minority that has often struggled for its freedoms. Forgive us if, in the light of our recent history, we appear paranoid. Give us your understanding and clear indication of your intentions in order that many more of us may not feel uncomfortable in supporting your agenda.

Rabbi Michael Katz
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Let's Make a Deal

In your "Memo to Gary Hart" ["The Week," March 27], you bring out the interesting point that in the Contra-aid squabble the Left is using the timeworn ploy of escaping blame by pinning it on the Right: "Yes, the Sandinistas are pro-Moscow, but we drove them to it."

The fact is, however, that the Sandinistas didn't need to be driven. Moscow simply offered them a better deal.

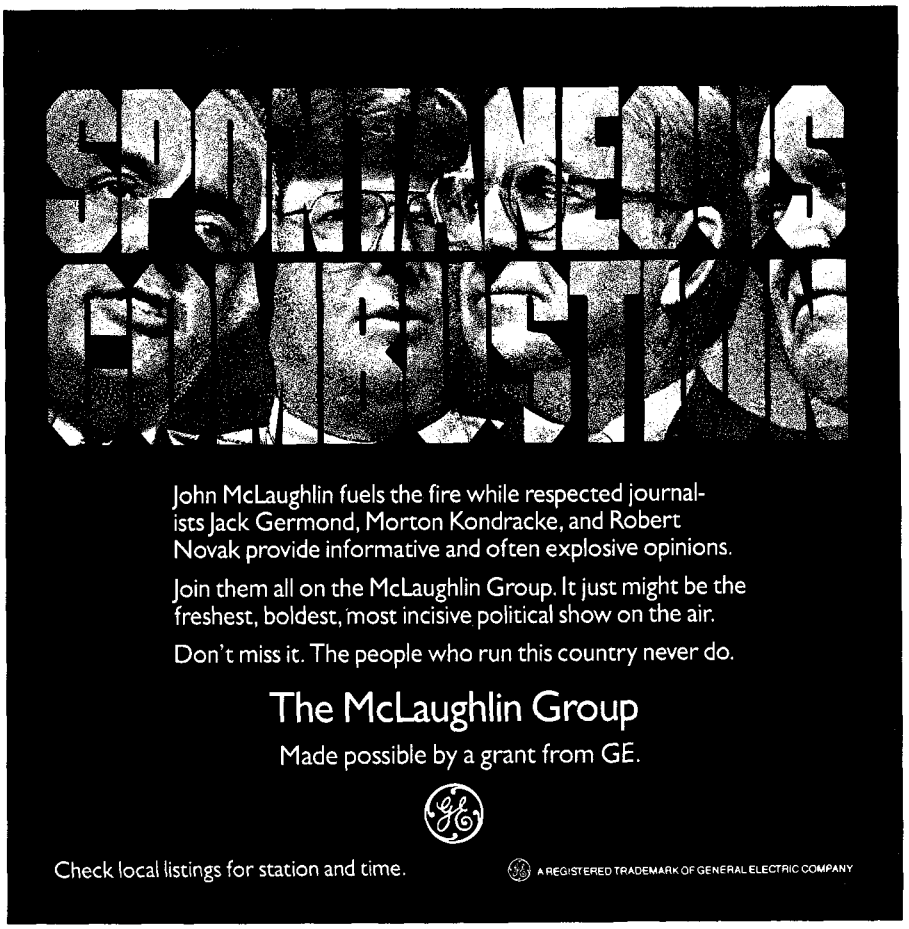
Moscow offers the Sandinistas what it offered Castro 25 years ago: Play ball with us, and we will keep you in power. Which way would you go if you were Daniel Ortega?

James E. Wood
Raleigh, N.C.

Dr. Ruthless

I noted with interest ["The Week," March 27] that Phyllis Schlafly believes Dr. C. Everett Koop should take the same position with respect to AIDS that he does with smoking. Does this mean that Mrs. Schlafly believes that sex (or at least sex outside of marriage) is an unhealthy and dangerous addiction that benefits no one and harms many?

Allan Z. Goldfine
Southfield, Mich.



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FOR THE RECORD

Bad news for the President. Latest *Washington Post*/ABC poll shows 65 per cent of Americans don't believe **Ronald Reagan** has told the truth about Irangate, although 66 per cent continue to believe that he is honest. Only 51 per cent trust him to make right decisions in world affairs; 47 do not. However, his new chief of staff, **Howard Baker**, gets high marks: 61 per cent say he's doing a good job, 18 say he isn't. . . . When the Senate overturned Reagan's veto of the highway bill, it was **Teddy Kennedy** who made most gracious speech. "President Reagan played the game well, indeed as the leader he is and can be," said Teddy. "We'll disagree on the issues as we have on this bill, but the country needs a strong President, and we certainly have one." . . . Reagan got another assist from a leading Senate Democrat when **Fritz Hollings** of South Carolina took issue with Chairman **Sam Nunn** of Armed Services Committee on ABM. The record of ABM negotiations, says Hollings, "is unambiguous" in permitting SDI testing. . . . The President's intermediate-range-missile negotiations with the Soviets do not please **George Will**. He fears a rebirth of détente, which he describes as "a spirit of unreciprocated U.S. concessions and unanswered Soviet aggressions." Will likens new U.S. Embassy in Moscow to "a large broadcasting studio for the benefit of Soviet intelligence."

Looking at proliferation of presidential candidates, *Washington Post* columnist **David Broder** comments that "having more presidential candidates than it takes to play almost any of America's favorite team sports . . . has its advantages": Kiwanis and Rotary chairmen in Iowa and New Hampshire can get free guest speakers; any special interest, no matter how small (Left-Handed Liberal Lithuanians), can get a hearing. . . . About the newest entries: **Gary Hart** already has 36 staff members on board, with headquarters in Colorado, Iowa, New Hampshire, Washington, Texas. *National Journal* ranked him as most liberal member of Senate in his last term. . . . **James Reston** has discovered what Hart's new ideas are: He wears the mantle of **FDR** and **JFK**. . . . **Richard Gephardt** of Missouri calls **Harry S. Truman** (of Missouri) his mentor, but, asks *Christian Science Monitor*, what would Truman have thought of Gephardt votes against MX, against Contra aid, against aid to **Duarte**; his stand for a nuclear freeze? . . . Sen. **Albert Gore Jr.** (Tenn.) took the big step when **Nate Landow** and 17 other members of Impact '88, a liberal fundraising group, picked him, after **Mario Cuomo** (their first choice) and **Dale Bumpers** (their second) dropped out. Each has pledged to raise $250,000 for his candidate. . . . On Republican side it was **Jack Kemp**'s week, and one prominent Republican, **Robert Heckman**, president of Fund for a Conservative Majority, believes when issues are drawn "Kemp will rise to the top" as the candidate who best supports Reagan Doctrine to reverse Communist gains worldwide. . . . Unlikely endorsement: National Women's Political Caucus says among GOP candidates Kemp has best record of giving women high-paying staff jobs.

Taylor, *London Daily Telegraph*/Rothco

"Yes, this is an outside line, but it's an insider inquiry."

For the record, Swedish diplomats report they swept many Soviet bugs (between thirty and a hundred) from their embassy in Washington last year. . . . The latest expulsions in France bring to 47 the number of Soviet diplomats booted in five years. . . . **Evans & Novak** report **Richard Nixon** warned **George Shultz** that any Summit that failed to include an agreement to end the war in Afghanistan would be a "catastrophe" for the West. . . . **Margaret Thatcher**'s tough talk with **Mikhail Gorbachev** was unappreciated by Soviet spokesmen, who accuse her of having a "Dr. **Strangelove** syndrome." "She loves the bomb," said one Soviet diplomat. . . . President Reagan—in unprecedented move—has written introduction to Prometheus edition of Mrs. Thatcher's *In Defense of Freedom*.

Guess who turned up in Tripoli to help Colonel **Qaddafi** celebrate his victory over U.S. aggression a year ago: American Indian activist **Vernon Bellacourt**, pacifist **Dave Dellinger**, and the ubiquitous **William Kunstler** (when he might have been in Northampton defending **Amy**). . . . UNESCO Director General **Amadou-Mahtar M'Bow** charged libel against Sir **James Goldsmith**, publisher of *L'Express*, against *L'Express*, and against writer of article that accused him of (among other things) being "a despot and a megalomaniac." The libel case was thrown out, M'Bow ordered to pay court costs and ten thousand francs ($1,600) to each defendant. . . . In *People's Daily World* column titled "Human Rights Are the Heart of Cuban Revolution," **Marc Frank** explains that the "Cuban ration system ensures that all children receive a more than adequate diet."

Tit for Tat: When Sen. **Bill Bradley** (D., N.J.) introduced bill to give 1.3 million acres of Western land to American Indians, Sen. **Malcolm Wallop** (R., Wyo.) said he might introduce a bill to give away Statue of Liberty.

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Toward a more competitive America—V

How to stimulate investment and growth

Over the past few weeks, we've hit pretty hard at the themes that America's current economic problems can't be blamed on our foreign trading partners, because protectionism only invites retaliation. We've argued that productivity is the real key to economic growth. And we've pointed out that by failing to address the basic problem of the huge budget deficit—and by meeting social costs with taxes imposed on the business sector alone—America's leaders have ignored this country's need to remain competitive, and have actually hurt American businesses in the worldwide marketplace.

But that doesn't mean government shouldn't take a proper leadership role. Nor does it mean that America, over time, can't afford to address its agenda of social concerns—clean air, clean water, more jobs, better education, better health care, and a secure, dignified retirement for older citizens.

This agenda, obviously, will take vast amounts of money at a time of huge budget deficits. And the best way it can be met is through the constant creation of new wealth —which means new investment in the plant, equipment, research, and people needed to become increasingly more productive.

How can government stimulate productivity?

- By encouraging the savings that lead to investment. That means more IRAs and 401(k)s, not fewer. That may even mean more favorable treatments for capital gains and dividend and interest income.
- By stressing savings of a different sort. That means eliminating the waste that hasn't yet been wrung out of the federal budget.
- By imposing a consumption tax if further spending cuts prove impossible to make. Such a tax—long used in Europe and about to be imposed in Japan—would make fast, meaningful inroads on the deficit. It wouldn't be levied on exports, and therefore wouldn't raise the costs of American manufacturers and the prices of U.S. goods overseas. But it would be levied on imports sold in the U.S. (in accordance with accepted international trade practices), thereby helping American companies regain some of the ground they have lost here at home. Moreover, such a levy would make taxpayers out of people who currently find ways of avoiding the income tax.
- By doing all it can to encourage American companies to export all they can—and to compete strongly against imports here at home. That means consideration of the foreign trade implications whenever new legislation is passed. That certainly doesn't mean imposing taxes on this industry and that industry willy-nilly to grease whatever wheel happens to be squeaking loudest at any given moment.
- By recognizing the contributions business has made and can continue to make. That means an end to name-calling and scapegoating—on both sides.

American multinational companies can, and do, compete successfully all over the world. While the U.S. trade balance became a shambles, these companies continued to operate successfully in world markets. They did so by producing in those countries with the best business climates.

U.S. multinational manufacturing firms increased their exports from America by more than 600 percent in value and 150 percent in quantity between 1966 and 1983. But they increased their exports from operating sites overseas by about double the American amounts.

So to argue that American businessmen have lost their management and technological skills, or grown fat and lazy, is neither true nor relevant. We should be looking to ourselves to learn why this country has provided a less favorable business environment than some of our trading partners. And then we should act to improve the climate.

America's business sector, and the wealth it produced, was long the envy of the world—and can be again. Through the cooperation of our government leaders and the private sector, this nation can realize strong and sustainable economic growth—and thereby create an economic pie big enough to nourish every segment of the population.

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THE WEEK

☐ They fell for it. The Soviets believed that the dummy building in Moscow they were bugging was our *real* embassy, and that the male models they treated to the slinky Russian beauties were *real* Marines. Why, they even think the fellow we sent over to talk about missile reductions is our *real* Secretary of State!

☐ Race was not overtly invoked in the tangled Chicago mayoralty election, but race told the story. Mayor Harold Washington won re-election with 53 per cent of the vote against Eddie Vrdolyak's 42 per cent. According to exit polls, Washington got 97 per cent of the black vote and 15 per cent of the white; Vrdolyak got only 1 per cent of the black, 74 of the white. What it means in practical terms is that Washington will be running Chicago for the foreseeable future: His first election was no fluke. It means that white Democratic dreams of reviving the Daley machine are unrealistic. It reaffirms that, black or white, the Democratic Party continues to own Chicago as it has for the past sixty years. The Republican, Donald Haider, got 4 per cent of the vote.

☐ How goofy are San Francisco politics? Consider this. There was a nationwide sigh of relief last week when Nancy Pelosi, a true daughter of the Phillip Burton political machine, beat out a crowded field in a congressional primary. A candidate further left than Mrs. Pelosi it would be hard to find, except for the rest of the Democratic field, most particularly the activist gay candidate, Harry Britt. There's still the formality of a June 2 runoff, but inasmuch as the leading Republican in the race, Harriet Ross, came in behind most of the 14 Democrats with a brilliant 2.4 per cent of the vote, the outcome is hardly in doubt. Mrs. Pelosi, needless to say, has pledged to press for gay rights.

☐ *Newsweek* has just carried excerpts from the autobiography of Armand Hammer. Hammer has had close personal relationships with every Soviet strongman since Lenin—except Stalin, whom he no doubt scrupulously avoided, while somehow continuing his lucrative business relations with the Soviet system. Ah, but there was nobody like Lenin, whose "eyes twinkled with friendly warmth" as "he made you feel you were the most important person in his life." Lenin told Hammer: "Russia today is like your country was during the pioneer stage. We need the knowledge and spirit that has made America what she is today. . . . What we want here is American businessmen who can do things as you are doing. Your sending us ships with grain means saving the lives of men, women, and little children who would otherwise helplessly perish this winter. To the gratitude of these agonized people, I add my humble thanks on behalf of my government." At which point, Hammer recalls, "Lenin stopped abruptly—apparently to control the tears in his eyes." But on the whole, "his infectious smile and colloquial speech, sincerity and natural ways, put me completely at my ease." Maybe you had to be there.

☐ Skunk hour. New York politics, both Albany and New York City, have been rocked by ramifying corruption scandals. The latest allegations are that salaries were paid to fictitious employees by state legislators, who responded to a wave of impending indictments by passing legislation emasculating a proposed investigation of themselves. Governor Mario Cuomo said that historians will view this era as worse than the Boss Tweed period in the nineteenth century. From the *New York Post*, April 13: "Democratic Party powerhouse Harold Fisher and 17 others have been accused by the state of systematically stealing more than $10 million from two insurance firms . . ." New York City is—let us say, risking a pun—one of the most liberal cities in the country, and has not had a Republican mayor since the unlamented John Lindsay. The Democratic Party has run Albany since the days of Rockefeller. See you in court, guys.

☐ The Battle of Wadi Doum was a classic example of gutsiness over gluttony. The Chadian general who led his armed forces to a decisive victory over Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi's "Islamic legionnaires" emerges from the conflict as perhaps the greatest desert warrior since Rommel. How ironic, then, that his victory should come against the world's most lunatic tyrant since Hitler. Chadian troops, deftly deployed on Toyota pickups, defeated hundreds of modern Soviet tanks, many of whose crews surrendered without firing a shot. As so often happens in warfare, technology

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOW THAT IT'S official, Jack Kemp's bid for the 1988 Republican nomination has made him—barring an unlikely run by, say, Pat Buchanan—the likely candidate for the conservative bloc. His unbudgeable support for the Strategic Defense Initiative, supply-side economics, traditional family values, and democratic anti-Communist resistance around the world hits the bull's-eye with his right-oriented constituencies.

When it comes to his stand on organized labor, however, Kemp draws fire from the same sectors. Kemp has consistently supported union interests, even urging the removal of right-to-work planks from the GOP platform. Kemp favors a labor bill that would bar companies from setting up non-union subsidiaries to bypass collective-bargaining agreements. Not unexpectedly, the bill is anathema to mainline Republicans, and Kemp's refusal to modify his position is anathema to, most notably, the National Right to Work Committee. On April 3, the committee sent a mailing to more than five thousand Republican officials, urging them to deluge Kemp with adjurations to change his stand. "Jack Kemp masquerades as a conservative," says Clayton Roberts, the committee's spokesman. "He's trying to butter up organized labor for the presidential race and, in the process, sabotaging a sacrosanct Republican platform."

The really unpalatable aspect of this matter is that when the bill came up last year, Kemp first voted against it, then for it after labor lobbyists corralled him outside the chamber.

When Ronald Reagan entered the White House six years ago, many young conservatives felt that popular support for Reagan's conservative doctrines would never ebb. Now, facing the twilight of this Administration and a not improbable Democratic capture of the White House in 1988, these same young conservatives are gearing up to fight in a new political arena, and they're surprisingly sanguine about winning the battles ahead.

"When Reagan won, we felt fat and sassy," says Lee Bellinger, president of the Conservative Action Foundation. "Then, we had the luxury of disagreement. Now we're binding together. Unity has broken out among the factions." Steve Baldwin, Executive Director of Young Americans for Freedom, echoes this: "During the last two years there was a lot of infighting. Now we're closer. We have a sense of mission." As a vehicle for the new unity, the conservative establishment has launched a club called Jefferson Ale. The forty members plan to host Republican senators and other conservative leaders to enhance the potential of the young Right movement.

Above all, young conservatives are eager to take the offensive for the first time in six years. "We're in our element now," crows Bellinger. "We're going into the guerrilla mode." Since the Democratic recapture of the Senate, "our membership has been growing," notes Baldwin. "We're training our people to confront and combat the Left." Being on the outside, alas, may be just what these conservative Young Turks need to recharge their batteries and focus their values.

Now that Richard Darman has left his post as Deputy Treasury Secretary to go to Wall Street ("Darman will spend the next five years comparing perks packages with David Stockman," jokes an insider), his replacement, former Peace Corps activist and AID Director Peter McPherson, plans on promoting his own designs for Treasury, chiefly the resolution of the international-debt mess. McPherson wants to establish democratic development in Third World countries. "It's a noble aim," says a Treasury watcher. "But it's futile. Treasury has no control over banks, and banks will determine the Third World situation." McPherson's Third World obsession could shrink the time and resources available for other sensitive and critical struggles, notably the upcoming battles on taxes and the budget. Ironically, the day may soon dawn when Richard Darman, the *bête noire* of many conservatives, will be missed. —CATO

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alone proved no match for human courage, forceful leadership, and innovative tactics. NATO, take note.

☐ *Tiens.* What d'you know. It's the first anniversary of the Libya raids, and the newspaper of record's headline on the story is: EUROPE'S ANTI-TERRORISM TIED TO U.S. LIBYA RAIDS. What were the results? Colonel Qaddafi retired to his tent (emerging only in time to get news of his army's disastrous performance in Chad). There have been few Libyan-orchestrated terrorist attacks in Western Europe in the past year. Syrian President Assad's role in international terrorism has also been muted. Western Europe—France, Germany, Italy—has cracked down on terrorism so effectively that, yes, American tourists are now flocking back to the Continent. Too bad our cowboy President lacks savoir-faire.

☐ Managua, Nicaragua, is an economic, political, and human catastrophe. The transport system is disintegrating, the water supply precarious (it is already turned off two days a week, soon to become three), and electrical outages are commonplace. Public health is deteriorating. Sandinista officials blame the mess on Somoza, a dead man whose influence for ill mysteriously increases with each passing year. The Sandinistas have also devised a unique social-engineering plan for coping with the hundreds of thousands of squatters who have fled to the city from the even worse socialist paradise of the countryside. Their plan —we kid you not—is to let the city deteriorate to the point where the squatters will decide the countryside was better after all. Marxism-Leninism at its creative best.

☐ A really sophisticated, intellectually high-powered series of events has been taking place at Dartmouth College lately. You could attend a play called *A*

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On Assignment in Moscow

Turn on the drier, Sheila, while
  I rattle mother's beads,
Then whisper (in my *good* ear, dear)
  If we can trust the Swedes.
I've checked with the ambassador
  But couldn't make him out,
What with both blenders whirring and
  The poor thing scared to shout.

W. H. VON DREELE

Peasant of El Salvador in the Dartmouth Chapel; a talk by Professor Kenneth Sharpe of Swarthmore about confronting revolution in Central America with diplomacy; a talk on "U.S. Policy in South Africa" by one Kevin Danaher; speeches on "Adult Education in Nicaragua," one of the speeches by "a Nicaraguan teacher"; a speech by Victor Mashebela of the African National Congress; a "Peace Hunger Kitchen," displayed in the Dartmouth College dining hall; and other "events." Then the socko windup: the "Mobilization for Justice and Peace in Central America and Southern Africa" in Washington on April 25-26. If you complete the course, you might even get your own autographed pictures of Amy Carter and Abbie Hoffman.

☐ Princeton, another bombed-out area, wanted him—but Dartmouth got him. Its new president is James O. Freedman, a Harvard graduate, Yale Law School, law clerk for Thurgood Marshall, nevertheless qualifying as professor of law and subsequently dean at Penn, a free-speech man and a political scientist, now leaving the presidency of the University of Iowa, where he pressed charges against anti-CIA demonstrators. Best of luck, Freedman. Read Allan Bloom's new book, and keep your powder dry.

☐ The National Journalism Center, which offers training in the skills of media work within a context of traditional values, is accepting applications for its summer internship session. The NJC provides training in researching, writing, and editing, plus experience working under professional journalists in Washington, D.C. Each intern receives a stipend of $100 a week for the 12-week session. The summer session starts June 15. Deadline for applications is May 15. For more information, contact M. Stanton Evans, Chris Warden, or Mal Kline at 517 Second Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002. (Phone: 202-544-1333.)

☐ PROHIBITION NOTES: Since the Soviets cracked down on booze a while back, the good citizens have drunk the country's entire supply of cheap perfume. They have also eaten all its toothpaste, when word got around that one could get high on the stuff, leaving a shortage of 200 million tubes. Now it's moonshine and bathtub vodka: So far the Eliot Ness types thereabouts have shut down 900,000 stills.

☐ Scientists claim they now have proof, from similar rock formations, that Florida is a "sliver of Africa." Nonsense. Africa is part of Florida. And have we got a real-estate deal for you!

☐ The following police record may offer the year's most penetrating glimpse into the liberal mind. Subject; male, Caucasian, 54. Present employment: pastor, Unitarian Universalist Church. Pled guilty to second-degree assault, 1957. Convicted of exposing himself, 1958. Convicted of drunk driving, 1975. Convicted of "parading naked in front of Brownies," 1982. Convicted of drunk driving, 1984. Made national headlines by distributing condoms to parishioners, 1987.

☐ Authorities in Leon County, Florida, posted 44-mile-per-hour speed-limit signs to make motorists slow down on scenic Miccosukee Road. The motorists slowed down long enough to steal the signs.

☐ Modern golf originated in Scotland around A.D. 1100. Word of this has just reached the Workers' Paradise, which is hurrying to build its first golf course. For tourists only.

☐ In Reno, believers in safe sex will soon have a chance to get one of five thousand condoms imprinted with the logo of radio station KONE.

☐ A woman in New York has been awarded $8,750 just because a horse got on a city bus and sat down next to her. Where the horse is going to get that kind of money is unclear, but he has been put out to stud, evidently just in time.

☐ Sorry to report that the Supreme Court has already issued 71 decisions this year, up 20 per cent from two years ago.

Cruelest Month

APRIL HAS COME, bringing 1040s, shoures soote, and five presidential announcements, or announcements of announcements—three of them expected, two surprising.

Take the surprises first. Paul Simon and Albert Gore Jr. are Democratic freshman senators; Simon is the one with the bow tie. He knocked Charles Percy out of the Senate in 1984; Gore filled the seat vacated by Howard Baker. The *Washington Post* lists

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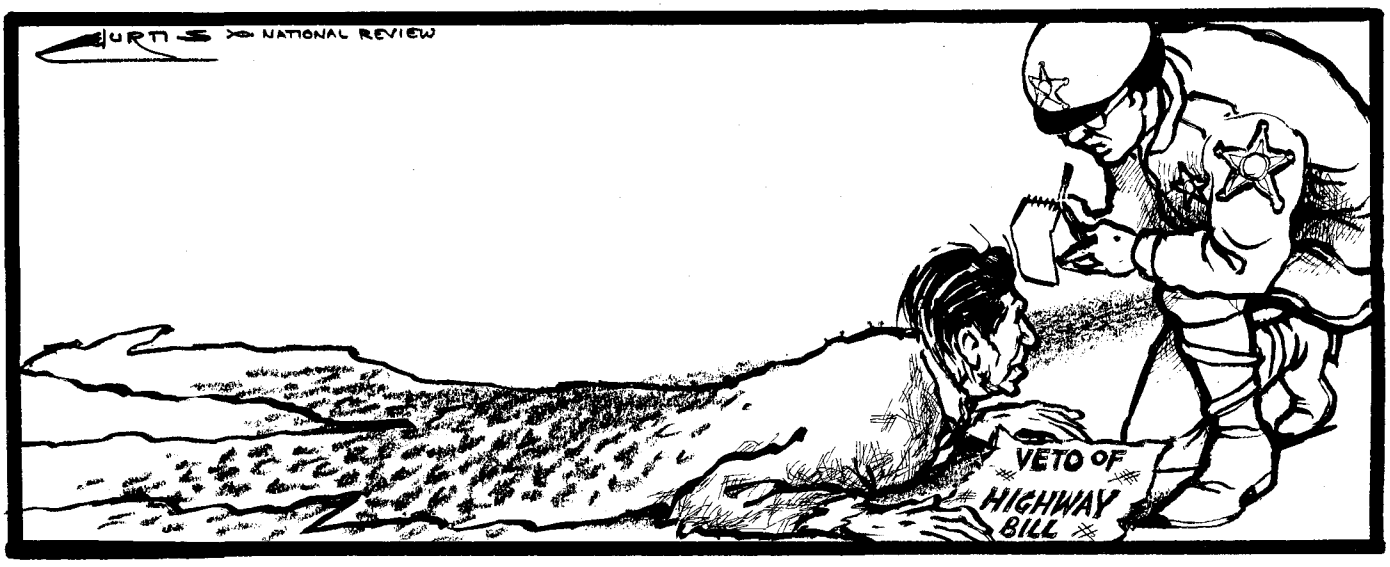

"I think it was a herd of pigs."

Simon's touchstone words: "labor," "liberal," "economic populism" (i.e., ignorance, or a combination of the first two), and "Jewish." Gore, in his announcement, promised to stress the arms race (ending it), competitiveness (protection), cleaning up the environment (cleaning up for environmentalists), and education (ditto for the NEA). Each man is responding to a perceived vacuum in the Democratic field—no white Southerners (Gore's opportunity) and, with the withdrawal of Dale Bumpers, one fewer liberal fundamentalist (Simon's). Both candidacies recall Westbrook Pegler's assessment of the 38-year-old Thomas Dewey in 1940: "As a presidential possibility, Dewey is preposterous, and his election would be a calamity which, happily, does not seem imminent."

Gary Hart was no surprise. He has a $1.3-million campaign debt from three years ago, and the odd questions that came up in that race remain. But he is still the front-runner, behind whom the rest of the Democratic field looms like a herd of dwarfs. The week of his announcement, his campaign concentrated on personal touches—a Style Section piece, a visit to the home town.

"There's a major effort," noted the *Washington Post*, "to humanize Hart, . . . who has kept himself at a perplexing distance from his modest, religious, small-town roots." Nothing perplexing about it. Hart's abandonment of those roots was an essential part of his pitch last time around. He was the man who came East, read Faulkner and Dostoyevsky, got two graduate degrees, took inspiration from Camelot. By "growing," he became open to "new ideas." He was a combination of Phil Donahue and Julien Sorel. His handlers should be told that you can't go home again.

Paul Laxalt was only a slight surprise. His initial list of aides reads like a Reagan Reunion head table: Lyn Nofziger, Richard Wirthlin, Peter Hannaford, Richard Williamson. He has an authentic claim on their support. Laxalt, virtually alone among Republican officeholders, stuck his neck out for Reagan in 1976, and stayed loyal for the next 11 years.

"The old rift in the party, between a Goldwater and a Rockefeller, just doesn't exist any more," Laxalt told one reporter. "Everyone will be running as a Reaganaut." True enough. One effect of consolidated victories is that everyone signs up with the winners. But much of the Reagan agenda will remain undone by 1988, while new conservative issues will arise. The next conservative presidential candidate will need to show creativity—more than Laxalt, in a solid but stolid career, has shown as yet.

The only thing surprising about Jack Kemp, who made a marathon announcement that took him to Washington, Buffalo, Iowa, and New Hampshire, is that he remains in single digits in the polls. Those figures, by the way, are somewhat deceptive. The latest *New York Times*/CBS poll helpfully ran parallel columns—one for preferences, one for firm decisions. In the preference column, Hart and Bush have hefty leads, Robert Dole is a strong GOP second, and the rest of the field is nowhere. In the firm-decision column, however, everybody in both parties is nowhere (the strongest showing—George Bush among Republicans—is 8 per cent). Kemp can't take too much comfort from this. The preference column reflects, and effects, perception; and the perception of his campaign so far is that it's running like drying cement.

Kemp may be suffering from a minor case of rhetorical split personality. He made his name pushing the supply-siders' vision of economic opportunity. Over the years, he has voted rock-solid on most social and foreign-policy issues. He has recently moved to emphasize these aspects of his record—opposition to abortion, support for freedom-fighters and SDI. There is no intellectual contradiction involved (though liberal columnists—David Broder, Lars-Erik Nelson—have tried to manufacture one). But there has been a change of idiom. If Kemp talks only about the gold

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standard, he leaves important conservative concerns untouched. If he talks only about Savimbi and fetuses, he forsakes the language he has used for ten years.

Prosperity needs a moral, orderly social culture, and both need to be defended. Kemp's ability to get poll numbers he can count on more than one hand will depend on his ability to make the connections.

On the Road

EVERYONE WAS traveling: Margaret Thatcher to Moscow, Mikhail Gorbachev to Prague, the Pope to Latin America, George Shultz to Moscow, Jimmy Carter to the Middle East. It all amounts to something more than a neo-Cartesian "I travel, therefore I am," with the possible exception of Carter. Change, and incremental political advantage, is in the air.

In the major leagues, the Secretary of State goes to Moscow, no doubt with his wrist-watch bugged, as the momentum toward an agreement on intermediate-range nuclear missiles becomes all but irresistible. Anti-nuke, détentist Europeans are suddenly terrified that the U.S. nuclear deterrent will be weakened. Lord Carrington, say thy prayers.

The great danger is that the idealistic vector of disarmament talks will continue forward aimlessly, doing damage, like a typhoon, by its wild, uncontrolled oscillations. The Europeans know that their capacity to remain independent depends on the American coupling. And as we withdraw the nuclear deterrent from Europe, we emaciate the stout opposition to the Russian behemoth, and play into the hands of the accommodationists. Margaret Thatcher did nobly when she told a dumbfounded Gorbachev that Europe and the whole world were better off with nuclear weapons than without them, under the present circumstances. Mr. Shultz is in Moscow as these words are written. We can only hope that he returns without the Abolitionist Look in his eye.

On the other fronts:

—Mikhail Gorbachev, finally reaching Prague after a "little flu" that set the world abuzz with speculation, terrified the sclerotic local rulers by suggesting a bit of relief—Czechoslovakia, after Rumania, is the most repressive of the Soviet-bloc states. Gorbachev is trying to export the new Soviet version of socialism, which itself has hardly consolidated; and Husak, the Czech boss, shakes at the thought of a lessening of the privileges of the *nomenklatura*. It is probably correct that Gorbachev does not have the power (more exactly, that the power he has he would not exercise in such a way as to bring on that result) to liberalize the Czech regime. But the Russian model has always been Husak's, and now he is troubled.

—"Violent Clashes Break Out as Pope Says Mass in Chile." Pope John Paul II desires democratic liberalization in Chile, and desires also to rein in the "liberationist" clergy. But—quite properly—he stops short of explaining how to get from here to there. The Pope's mission was both pastoral and political: Pinochet was weaker after the Pope left; but so, also, were the followers of the Maoist Sendero Luminoso in Peru. The Pope is not strong on economics, but he is very strong on ideological violence. Latin America desperately needs relief from the latter, so as to focus on the former. The terrible poverty of Latin America has a great deal to do with Latin Americans' modus vivendi. Irving Kristol was quite simply correct when, years ago, he said that Latin America suffered from nothing that would not instantly be cured if fifty million Swiss settled there.

—Jimmy Carter distracted some attention from the antics of his daughter, and this was a solid achievement.

Can Anyone Compete?

BUSINESS WEEK, the *National Enquirer* of economic journalism, hit new lows with a splashy cover story, "Can America Compete?"

Compete with whom? Japan has lagged behind the U.S. in industrial production ever since 1982—by a widening margin over the past year. No European country even comes close. Why would the whole world be so anxious to invest in the U.S. if the U.S. couldn't compete?

The *Business Week* story, much of it written by Norman Jonas, isn't really about some other economy doing better. It is just a collection of bad old arguments for reviving bad old policies—"go back to John Maynard Keynes . . . a new Marshall Plan to help the developing nations . . . technology may need tariff protection . . . more advance notice of plant closings . . . pulling back the Pentagon's claim on R&D," etc. Once we understand the agenda, it becomes almost possible to make sense of these themes:

—"Ultimately, foreigners will want to be paid back, chiefly in goods." That is, the "danger" is that U.S. exports will thrive.

—"U.S. trade rivals are scoring faster productivity growth." This is not because Japan's and Europe's production rose faster than the United States' (it didn't), but because their employment did not rise nearly so fast. If other countries have to fire all their workers except the very best, output per worker may indeed go up.

—"Before U.S. inventors had dreamed up microwave ovens, quartz wrist-watches, and video recorders, this country thought it had a lock on the good life. . . . Not quite thirty years later, things couldn't be more different. The American standard of living is slipping." New inventions are obviously not considered an improvement in living standards, and ris-

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ing employment is even presented as "overwhelming evidence" that "more people must work" to "earn a decent living." *Business Week* resorts to using average hourly earnings to measure income—yet that "average wage" has been diluted by greater availability of part-time jobs for teenagers.

—"Consumer installment debt rose . . . and that doesn't include all the home-equity loans." It also doesn't include all the home equity. When there are more houses and autos, there are more mortgages and auto loans. Household assets (including stocks and bonds) have risen more than debts. Net worth is up, not down.

—"Unless the U.S. gets its manufacturing operations back in shape—and fast—it could lose any hope," according to one section. On the previous page, however, another author reluctantly noted that "the U.S. manufacturing sector has essentially recovered from its 1970s slowdown."

—"A glance at the average per-capita growth rates from 1973 to 1986 tells the story." What it tells is that the U.S. economy performed poorly from 1973 to 1982, and quite well since then. But that is not the story *Business Week* chooses to tell.

Lessons from Moscow

THE ENORMOUS UPROAR about lax security at our Moscow Embassy will ensure that the local problem is taken care of many times over. You can bet the dacha that no Marine guard will lay a hand on a pretty Russian girl in the near future, and embassy personnel will be communicating discreetly in disposable written notes.

As for the general problem, the Secretary of State has addressed that by snarling that he is "damned upset"—words that doubtless sent shudders all the way to Vladivostok. The entire Politburo must have dived for cover when Shultz roared that Soviet espionage tactics were "totally unacceptable." But he and the President both added sternly that if the Soviets thought this was going to stop us from continuing with arms-control negotiations, they had another think coming.

What has been made clear is that the United States is congenitally incapable of holding its own against the Soviets in any arena involving stealth and deceit. We lack will, skill, cunning, coordination, and even the assurance that we have people whose loyalty we can count on.

They will beat us and they are determined to do it, by whatever means it takes. The lessons for arms control are manifest, but so far the Administration is behaving as if those lessons applied only to building materials for American embassies.

Heigh-Ho, Heigh-Ho!

Road gangs in all the fifty states
  Are piling into trucks
As Congress primly allocates
  Our eighty billion bucks.

W. H. VON DREELE

Ex-Texaco

ASSUME TEXACO is guilty. The company acquired Getty Oil in 1984, when oil was about $30 a barrel, for $10.2 billion. With oil now down to $18, the value of Getty might be closer to $6.7 billion. Pennzoil had a right to about 43 per cent of Getty, which comes to around $2.9 billion (even in 1984, Pennzoil was only willing to pay $3 billion for the 43 per cent share). For this insult to Pennzoil's claim, Texaco was ordered to pay $11 billion in penalties, nearly all of Texaco's entire net worth. To pay that, Texaco would have to sell a lot more than 100 per cent of Getty Oil. Efforts to get around the unrealistic court judgment failed, so Texaco filed for bankruptcy.

Perhaps the courts will dismiss Chapter 11 protection, perhaps not. In any event, the whole mess is likely to drag on. As the *Wall Street Journal* remarked, "No one will emerge a winner—least of all Texaco and Pennzoil." Major losses have already been sustained by Texaco stockholders, including individuals and pension funds that hardly knew what hit them. In a situation where punitive legal judgments can bankrupt a major corporation, only the judges have "inside information."

Crise du Jour

OIL CRISIS, housing crisis, unemployment crisis, missing-children crisis, environmental crisis, constitutional crisis, teen-pregnancy crisis . . . it's getting to be a habit. Recently there has been the teen-suicide crisis, which has led Congressmen Tom Lantos (D., Calif.) and Gary Ackerman (D., N.Y.) to introduce a bill that, in Lantos's words, "would permit training of counselors and school personnel, along with community-based and private organizations, and would provide for the development and implementation of prevention programs and pilot programs." There! That's how you deal with a crisis.

The demographer Allan Carlson objects that the American teen-suicide rate, about five thousand per year, is stable and compares well with the rates of other countries. Retorts Lantos: "I reject the notion that we can disregard this tragedy because of such statistics."

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Tragedy and statistics make an odd mix. A personal grief is not ipso facto a national crisis, or a national problem, or a national anything, in the sense of constituting a proper object of national government. The federal system, after all, is designed to register what the *Federalist* calls "the cool and deliberate sense of the community." But the constant rhetoric of emergency serves to, and is *intended* to, override all the restraints the Framers built into that system.

Declaring a "crisis" is a tactic in the strategic struggle to concentrate power in Washington. The crisis-mongers count on the populace to experience each such declaration as a discrete and unique event, leaving no time for collective reflection, no alternative to immediate federal action. The refusal to be stampeded is laid to indifference, lack of compassion, or failure to appreciate the gravity of the *crise du jour*. The hasty response to every urgency is called "pragmatic," while principled restraint is labeled "ideological."

Every alleged crisis leaves a residue, usually large, of permanent bureaucracy: This has been so ever since the crisis of all crises, the Great Depression. No crisis ever seems to warrant a *diminution* of federal power. The whole lot has issued in a pattern of ad hoc socialist measures that cumulatively break down the original constitutional order, under which, as Madison put it, the powers of the Federal Government were to be "few and defined," while those remaining with the states were to be "numerous and indefinite." Today the plan is inverted, and the Tenth Amendment is a dead letter.

The Framers would be shocked but not surprised to see how easily any undesirable condition can be upgraded to a "crisis," which in turn begets a "program." They did their best to prevent it, but there has been great progress in techniques of constitutional circumvention.

It's ironic to hear liberals warning that national hysteria can be used to destroy constitutional liberties. The Framers placed their primary hopes for liberty not in bills of rights and other "parchment barriers," but in a careful plan of limited government. Casual hysteria has been the undoing of that plan.

Chevron, Gulf, and Castro

ALTHOUGH IT IS true that the Angolan freedom-fighters of Jonas Savimbi's UNITA have been doing better than anyone would have a right to expect, there is a limit to their effectiveness—a limit set by Cuban troops and American lives.

The economic prop of the Angolan Communist government is the oil-rich northwestern province of Cabinda. Gulf and Chevron pump the oil, and their fees pay the bills for the Cuban troops—some thirty thousand of them—that keep the government in power. UNITA has attacked Cabinda in a half-hearted fashion, but cannot think of mounting a full-scale assault so long as there is a risk of killing Americans.

The response of American companies to such situations typically is that they are not the only rope-sellers—that if they pull out, other people will provide the same services, and reap the profits. In the case of Cabinda, there is indeed supposed to be a French company waiting in the wings in case Gulf and Chevron depart. But then UNITA will only have to worry about killing Frenchmen.

Does Washington have the power to compel Gulf and Chevron to abandon their enterprise? In the absence of an embargo, no. But the companies' shareholders certainly have the power. The PR men might also have a say, if Gulf and Chevron get a reputation as Cuban paymasters. *Big oil backs Communist colonialism*—it could get sticky. Let's go for it.

The Spirit of Buchanan

BACK IN 1964, Barry Goldwater was "Mr. Conservative," a mantle assumed by Ronald Reagan in the 1970s. In this decade, so has the movement grown, there have emerged many claimants to succeed Reagan, and more will emerge, a healthy thing. Among them, Patrick J. Buchanan has staked an impressive claim. Since the 1968 Nixon campaign, his has been an undeviating course—as speechwriter, columnist, TV performer, White House communications director, and now—what? The medium changes, but the message comes through clear as a cloudless sky.

When Buchanan left the White House March 1, he said that he could be more effective outside. Some doubted this. But his "memorandum" to the President in the March 30 *Newsweek* should put such doubts to rest. Buchanan is a lodestar, a compass, a guide that faileth not.

He knows that the Left is now offering the President "generous terms of surrender," in effect a sucker's deal: "If you will give up on the Contras, put off SDI, go for arms control, and accept a tax increase —you will be guaranteed a safe-conduct pass home to your ranch in Santa Barbara."

Buchanan assays Reagan's considerable remaining political assets: a vast reservoir of affection, the power of the veto, the "bully pulpit," the power to use the armed forces in certain situations without congressional approval, as in Grenada and Libya.

He assays the opposition in a passage that is vintage Buchanan: "The opposition party on the Hill is led by two of the least imposing claimants to the title of statesman since the Duke and the Dauphin climbed aboard the river raft of Huck Finn. The heir presumptive to Carter and Mondale [Jim Wright] is a High Plains drifter, with an exotic persona and a voting record that is a Xerox copy of Teddy Kennedy's."

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Bugged, Bothered, & Bewildered

The liberals, who roll their eyes
When right-wing crazies mention spies,
Now sound like Frankie in the song,
As if the Russians did them wrong
By bugging everybody blind,
Which isn't done among their kind.

W. H. VON DREELE

Looking ahead to 1988, Buchanan recommends a "veto strategy" that would position the Republicans as the party that held the line and portray the Democrats as taxers and spenders.

The much-mentioned "judgment of history"?

"Central America is where the 'judgment of history' will be made on the Reagan Presidency. Today, it is probable that, six months after you have gone home to California, Fidel Castro will arrive in Managua to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the revolution—and the rout of the Contra army. Should that come to pass, the Soviet Union will become the dominant power between the Panama Canal and the Mexican frontier. The fragile democracies of Central America will not stand up for long to a Second Cuba which has stood up to the United States."

Buchanan is a formidably clear thinker. *NR* nominates him for the Bernard Baruch Chair of the Reagan Administration. In Ken Cribb and Dinesh D'Souza, who have recently joined the White House staff, he would have good comrades in arms.

Erskine Caldwell, R I P

LITERARY REPUTATION is a difficult compound to analyze. In the year 1940, for example, James T. Farrell, John Steinbeck, Thomas Wolfe, Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, and Erskine Caldwell (but not William Faulkner) were thought to be American novelists of the first rank. Faulkner at one point ranked Caldwell among the five best contemporary novelists, along with Wolfe, Hemingway, Dos Passos, and himself. Wolfe's posthumous *You Can't Go Home Again* was reviewed on the front page of the *New York Times Book Review* in terms that would have been hyperbolic if applied to Tolstoi. However, of the writers mentioned above, Caldwell, Farrell, and Steinbeck have entirely disappeared, while Dos Passos and Wolfe are read only here and there. Faulkner and Hemingway have not only lasted but prevailed.

Yet *Tobacco Road* (1932) and *God's Little Acre* (1933) not only sold 17 million copies but received high critical acclaim. During the 1930s and early 1940s Caldwell was regarded as a publishing phenomenon; indeed, his 55 books sold a total of eighty million copies. But his reputation took a nosedive after World War II and never recovered. In 1985 he could not find a publisher for a collection of his stories.

Samuel Johnson held that it takes a hundred years for a work of literature to establish itself as permanent. Many minds, acting over a period of several generations, establish a consensus about it that is not a product of transitory fashion.

It seems likely that Caldwell's earlier celebrity was indeed a product of fashion. During the 1930s, everyone seems to have been eager to read about poor people—sharecroppers, Okies, slum dwellers, proletarians. They constituted a delicious indictment of capitalism; more than that, they were somehow more *real* than the bourgeois or the wealthy. Then taste changed. Caldwell characters, along with Steinbeck and Farrell characters, it had to be said, were pretty limited and dull. Poverty itself is not very interesting, however important.

Caldwell also served up a great deal of raw sex, scandalous and titillating at the time he wrote; but he has certainly been surpassed in that department since. Finally, as a prose writer he lacks the interest of Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Faulkner, not to mention Henry James.

Sic transit.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

No! No! No! No!

I will not be "convinced" to do anything by your ad for *Firing Line* video cassettes [March 27]. The word is *persuade.*

Respectfully yours,
Hugh M. Fitzpatrick
Chevy Chase, Md.

Dear Mr. Fitzpatrick: Quite right. Moreover, your conviction is persuasive. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

John Roche's contrast between a trustful Ronald Reagan and a mistrustful Lyndon Johnson ["Taming the NSC," March 27] points up the virtues of an underrated human quality that is often confused with *dis*trust. Despite the fact that so much of our Constitution was founded upon healthy mistrust, there is a part of us all that yearns to trust, freely and completely, in accordance with Henry L. Stimson's maxim that "the only way to make a man trustworthy is to trust him." But for an executive, the problem arises when trust is so all-encompassing that it leaves no room for in-house review and oversight. In the

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best of trusting relationships, critical review is viewed not as an intrusion but as a welcome antidote to human fallibility. Indeed, it is the keen awareness of one's own fallibility that seems to spawn the quality of mistrust in the first place. Quite simply, to be mistrustful is to be intellectually honest. Bill, as someone who counts so many bright people among his acquaintances, would you say mistrust, of themselves and others, is a common denominator?

Sincerely,
William E. Cooper, PhD
Professor of Psychology
University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

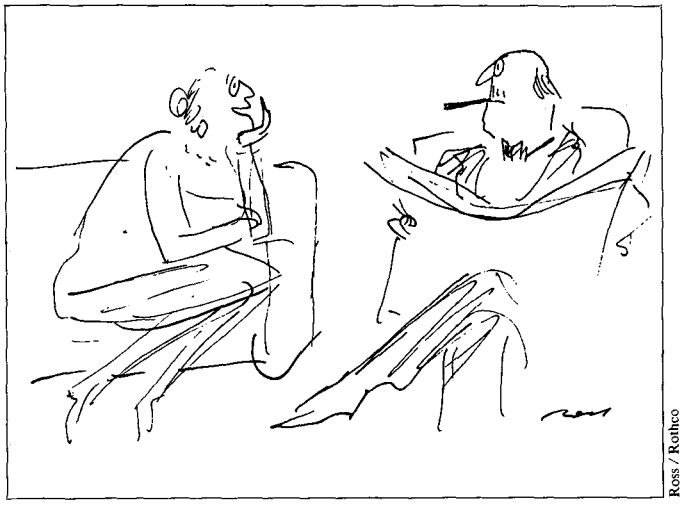
Dear Professor Cooper: The difficulty is semantic. I would not use the word "mistrust" to do the work you assign it. So far as I know, the word that reaches out for your inflection does not exist. You would need to make a verb out of "blind trust." The English language, as Clifton Fadiman once wrote, is wonderfully versatile, but there are some things you simply can't do with it. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Within *NR*'s splendidly done January 30 cover photo there appears a visual conundrum, to the meaning of which perhaps you alone are privy. At the optical center of the table lies a matchbook, apparently from the Pentagon. However, upon the lower fold of this matchbook appears the logo of Walgreen's, the nationwide drugstore chain.

Does this company actually maintain a store site within the confines of the Pentagon? Is the Pentagon a project brought to us by this company? Is this a first foray, for the Pentagon, into the drug market? Or is this a covert signal to an agent, or operative, in one of our intelligence services?

Nope. Too farfetched. Most likely, *NR* has clandestinely arranged a contest to determine how many of its readers perceive and comment upon covert visual incongruities. I'll bet I'm the only one. Out with it! Do I get that posting to Photo Interpretation at Langley, or not?



Ross / Rothco

"And how much is the dollar worth against the yen this morning?"

Sincerely,
Mike Fusco
Tampa, Fla.

Dear Mr. Fusco: Yes, we will nominate you for the job, though self-evidently you are not aware that Walgreen's bought the Pentagon a few months ago, a widely unnoticed acquisition. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

At a recent mock United Nations session involving area high-school students, one girl stated that, after study, she found our Constitution and the Soviet one were really quite similar. Any advice?

David Williams
Knoxville, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Williams: Actually, with the exception of the clause that defines a crime against the state—they are. The Soviet constitution is a libertarian instrument, written by Orwell. The lesson? The Soviet Union's official language is Aesopian. See, e.g., Helsinki. See SALT I. See ABM. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Bill:

Since Martin Luther King received two peace prizes, I think that we should consider giving two to Tutu too.

Sincerely,
Philip A. Erickson, CPA
Naples, Fla.

You are too much, Erickson. On the other hand, I can see that the current tax bill would do that to a CPA. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In discussing our upcoming marriage and your magazine, I mentioned to my fiancé that since we two were soon to become one, we would no longer require two subscriptions. He looked at me with a shocked expression and said, "I agreed to share my life with you but never my NATIONAL REVIEW!"

What do you make of this?

Sincerely,
Jeannette D. Schmelzle
Massapequa, N.Y.

Dear Miss Schmelzle: Obviously your fiancé has had the advice of a good lawyer. There is only missing in the prenuptial agreement the understanding that when you get around to peopling the earth, your subscriptions to *NR* will grow, *pari passu*. Cordially, and with congratulations to you both, **—WFB**

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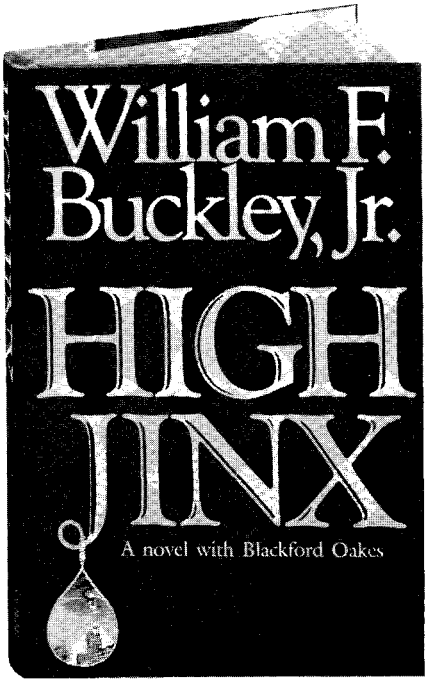
TREASON!

Each of the *five* separate landing parties in Operation Tirana (an attempt to liberate Red Albania) is ambushed. All the commandos are publicly hanged. There is only one explanation: Treason. Someone has penetrated the top-secret core of Anglo-American intelligence. There's a spook on the loose all right—a *super*spook, operating at the highest echelon of the British Government itself.

It's a tough puzzle for Blackford Oakes to solve. Then one day in London he spots a man who looks uncommonly like the executed commandos' *leader* (Oakes has seen pictures of the dead bodies). Blacky knows he's on to something.

You'll be on to something too from the moment you open *High Jinx*. This vastly entertaining tale of derring-do (the seventh in the Blackford Oakes series) is being called the best yet—and it may well be. It has everything: an exciting, suspenseful plot, deft characterizations, and some ingenious glimpses of the byzantine operations of the KGB ("From the corner of the room Nikita Khrushchev bounded forward. He drew a 9mm Makarov from his right jacket pocket, aimed it at Beria's head, and pulled the trigger.").

The tension builds as the noose tightens (be warned—you may not be able to put this one down!) until the blood-chilling, strangely appropriate finale. Simply put, this is wonderful change-of-pace reading. You'll thoroughly enjoy this newest Buckley spy thriller from start to finish.



Act now and get your FREE copy: all you need do is enter your subscription to *National Review* for a full year at the regular $34 rate (or just renew your present subscription for one more year no matter when it expires) and we'll send you *High Jinx* FREE AND POSTPAID (it's selling everywhere for $16.95 right now, so this *is* a special bargain offer!).

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AIDS IN '88

ROUTINELY, our presidential election campaigns have a predictable round of issues—the economy, foreign and domestic policy, defense, taxes, et cetera—on which candidates take early, partisan stands with little difficulty. The 1988 campaign, however, has been short-circuited. The growing health threat of AIDS is forcing a new key issue upon nomination seekers of both parties.

All candidates agree that a position on AIDS treatment and prevention is now indispensable. "At this point, Babbitt doesn't raise AIDS as part of his normal stump speech," says his aide Mike McCurry. "But he's asked about it everywhere he speaks." A Gary Hart official echoes this impression. "Out on the campaign trail," he says, "questions about AIDS come second only to questions about Iranscam."

Opinions differ as to which party will be less able to cope with the AIDS issue. "This could be the issue that destroys the Democratic Party," warns Conservative Caucus Foundation head Howard Phillips. "As the number of AIDS victims grows, the party that gave special rights to gays will not be popular." An aide to Jack Kemp agrees: "It's not going to be good for Democrats who look so pro-gay, but they don't seem to be moving away from that yet."

AIDS may have its pitfalls for Republicans too, though, as their conservative constituencies face off against their middle-of-the-road ones. "Democrats can approach it as a health crisis that should be treated like polio or cancer," observes Hart policy aide David Dryer. "Republicans have to placate both right- and left-wing prejudices."

Four specific issues are emerging as the most divisive and controversial: AIDS instruction in public schools, AIDS testing, AIDS quarantining, and federal funding for AIDS research and treatment. The crux of the public-school debate is whether schools should teach only monogamy and abstinence or whether, as Surgeon General C. Everett Koop advocates, they should also teach "safe sex." (Koop was recently admonished to clear all AIDS-related statements with the White House, but he continues to insist that AIDS is so pernicious that arresting its spread eclipses all other considerations.)

While hard-liners like Phillips and Phyllis Schlafly argue that abstinence is the only valid option, liberals and many moderates believe that abstinence is largely unrealistic, thus necessitating safe-sex schooling. The presidential candidates, especially the Republicans, tend to find themselves somewhere between Phillips and Koop. "Haig favors education that stresses monogamy and abstinence," notes his communications director, Dan Mariaschin. "But he hasn't eliminated safe sex" as an option. Kemp comes out more strongly conservative. "We agree with President Reagan," asserts a Kempite. "You tell kids that it's not a matter of safe sex. It's a matter of just saying 'No.' "

Testing and quarantining are only beginning to surface in the AIDS debate, but "in a few years, testing first, then quarantining, will be more critical than the content of public-school education," says Phillips. As for testing, the discussion ranges across three options: 1) no mandatory testing; 2) mandatory testing only of high-risk groups (i.e., homosexuals and intravenous-drug users); and 3) universal mandatory testing. The main objections to mandatory AIDS testing are on civil-liberties grounds. Many liberals, particularly Babbitt, are stressing these objections in their pronouncements on AIDS. Gary Hart also, in his only on-the-record AIDS statement, opposed obligatory testing, largely on those grounds. Some Republicans are speaking out in favor of testing for specific groups (high-risk groups; marriage-license applicants). To the distress of conservatives like Phillips, however, no Republican candidate has yet come out in favor of universal testing.

Quarantining AIDS victims, a natural corollary to the mandatory-testing position, is at this point generally eschewed. In 1986, California Proposition 64, which proposed quarantining, was soundly defeated; merits aside, the frenetic support of the proposition by Larouchies rendered the issue untouchable. The Supreme Court ruling against banning employees with contagious diseases from the workplace further weakened the pro-quarantine position.

FUNDING FOR AIDS research is the least controversial of the major issues. Speaking in New Hampshire in late March, Bob Dole urged that up to $2 billion be spent by the Feds on research. All the other candidates agree that the Federal Government has a financial obligation to combat the disease. Even Howard Phillips, who believes "it's wrong to force monogamous taxpayers to fund homosexual activity," concedes that the financing issue is far less debatable than the other three. To keep AIDS funding high in the nation's collective consciousness, a PAC called APPEAL has organized to pressure candidates to support augmented AIDS funding.

The AIDS issue will be the more politically unmanageable if special interests politicize it. Thus if Democrats seem to embrace the homosexual lobby or civil-liberties groups to the exclusion of mainstream Americans, they may be tagged anti-family or pro-gay. Republicans, on the other hand, run the risk of attack from the Right if they follow Koop's example, and from moderates if they take too resolute a stance. With its thorny implications, AIDS may well be the harshest test of ideology and personal conviction to face candidates in 1988. □

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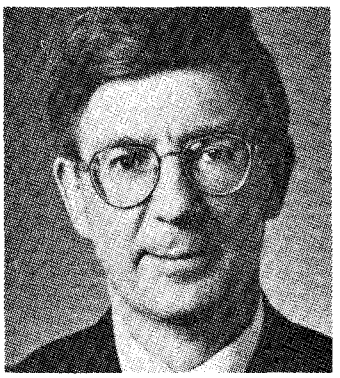
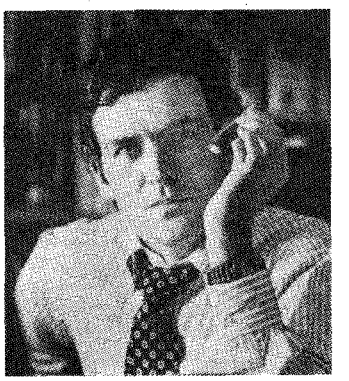
It's an all star conservative cast



★ GEORGE F. WILL

★ JEANE KIRKPATRICK

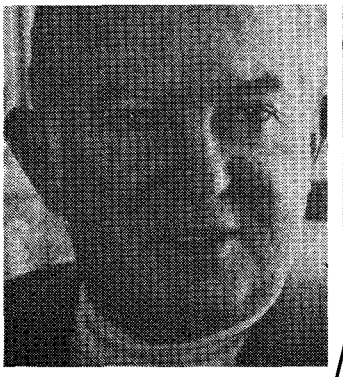
★ DONALD LAMBRO



★ R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

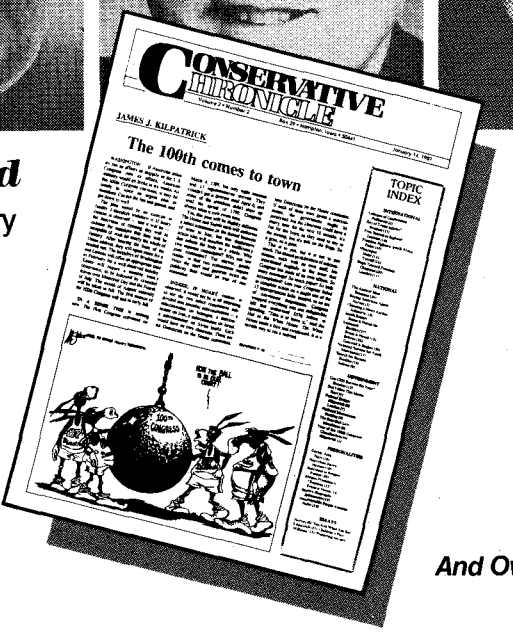
★ WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

★ JAMES KILPATRICK



★ JOSEPH SOBRAN

★ WARREN BROOKES



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THE INVERSE LAW

THE LATE Felix Somary, revered in German-speaking countries and virtually unknown in Anglo-Saxon ones, had a phrase for it: "The Social Laws of the Inverse Ratio." In a fascinating little work, *Democracy at Bay*, published in translation in New York in 1952, he gave numerous examples, of which I select two:

—The less well-founded a notion is, the more passionately it will be defended.

—The less a state defends its citizens, the more it will charge for the job.

What I am coming to is that there is now a need for a variant of Somary's laws. I propose a "law of inverse consequences." The way it works can best be seen, perhaps, by considering U.S. relations with two states that have attracted wide international opprobrium: Chile and South Africa. Decisions have been taken, in the case of South Africa, and may be planned, in the case of Chile, on the basis of self-righteous emotion, rather than enlightened self-interest; that is, without regard to the long-term consequences. As a result, the consequences are likely to be the opposite of those intended.

The case of Chile is interesting and widely misunderstood. The Allende regime, Communist in all but name (and in fact including the well-disciplined, Moscow-line Communist Party), came as a culmination of what I term the "demagogic spiral," which would have resulted inevitably in a collapse of democracy, whether or not the military had intervened in 1973.

Everybody, including the other coup leaders, underestimated General Augusto Pinochet. His air-force colleague, General Gustavo Leigh, thought of him as a provincial officer who would be reluctant to do anything unconstitutional, and sent him on a tour of provincial barracks before the coup. But it is Pinochet who is still in power, and Leigh has long since gone.

As an acute Argentine observer of the Southern Cone once put it to me: "Our junta was a bunch of military bureaucrats; Pinochet is a statesman." Although I agree with this assessment, I am in certain ways disappointed in Pinochet's performance.

For all his wisdom and tenacity of character, he missed the opportunity of creating the no-party state he originally had in mind, and settled for a constitution that (rightly) outlawed the Marxist parties but (wrongly) aimed to dilute the power of the remaining parties by extending the privilege of naming candidates for election to trade unions and professional bodies. Thereby, he condemned Chile politically to the worst of both worlds: not quite a democracy, not quite a corporate state.

He then compounded the error by announcing that whatever happened, he would stay in power until 1989—a statement of intent he reaffirmed on September 11, 1985, the 12th anniversary of the overthrow of Allende.

Opposition parties, ranging from the Christian Democrats to the Socialists, had proposed a return to democracy under a so-called "National Accord." Pinochet rejected the National Accord and refused to negotiate with the politicians.

All of this, predictably, was ill received in Washington. The U.S. Government let it be known that it supported the National Accord, and the new ambassador to Santiago, Mr. Harry Barnes, made a point of meeting leading opposition figures and human-rights activists.

To its credit, the Reagan Administration has so far rejected the idea—put forth by critics of the Pinochet regime—of halting financial assistance. I hope it will continue to do so. The Chileans have raised no objection to a motion before the United Nations, introduced by the United States, about human rights in Chile, describing it as "fair." But one thing leads to another, and a Mexican motion is regarded in Santiago as "absolutely unacceptable."

At this point I hand the floor to a remarkable man who is probably destined to play a key role in the future of his country. Hernán Cubillos, a successful businessman, ex-naval officer, ex-foreign minister, is credited with presidential ambitions, still undeclared. President Pinochet fired him as foreign minister (*canciller*) in unfortunate circumstances: Pinochet learned, in mid-flight, on his way to a state visit to Manila, that he would not, after all, be welcome there. Anti-Pinochet riots had caused then-President Marcos to change his mind. No blame could sensibly be put on Cubillos; the *canciller* was simply at the receiving end of a hierarchical military search for a scapegoat.

PHILOSOPHICALLY, Cubillos returned to his successful business activities, which include ownership of the informative and outspoken weekly news magazine, *¿Qué Pasa?* He maintained a dignified silence until late last year, when he gave *¿Qué Pasa?* an important extended interview, which I hope was carefully read in both the State Department and the NSC. Here are some highlights:

—The biggest clandestine store of arms ever found in Latin America was uncovered last year in Chile. The weapons had been delivered in Cuban boats. They were identified as American matériel left behind in Vietnam when the U.S. pulled out, plus recently packaged *Soviet* weapons.

—Why did the Communists make their nearly successful attempt on Pinochet's life last September, bearing in mind the usefulness of the president as a hate symbol for the mobilized international Left? Cubillos answers his own question: because they fear that the carefully planned and structured democracy he envisions will be almost

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impossible to remove; whereas, with Pinochet out of the way, a democratic chaos would play into the hands of the Communists. It is against this background that Chile has become a major target for international terrorism.

Words of wisdom, deserving to be heeded. I just add that in fact things are going rather well in Chile: The economy is performing better than in most other Latin American countries; hundreds of exiles have been allowed to return; Pinochet has sanctioned non-Marxist political parties; and Pope John Paul II has been and gone—an admittedly ambiguous visit.

TO TURN NOW to South Africa is to face the full force and horror of the law of inverse consequences. When Congress overrode the presidential veto on sanctions last fall, Senator Richard Lugar and his colleagues doubtless felt a warm glow of moral rectitude. But it did not take long to see that the decision retarded, not hastened, the advent of the kind of democracy they had in mind, and encouraged, not hindered, the "bloodbath" feared by the Eminent Persons in their much publicized Report.

The effects of punitive sanctions were most cogently analyzed in a confidential memorandum prepared by the research department of a major South African company that opposes apartheid. Although I am not at liberty to disclose the source, the arguments are of such importance that I feel compelled to paraphrase them.

The memorandum points out that sanctions have come as a political boon to the reactionary elements in the ruling National Party. The rallying cry has been an appeal, constantly repeated, for patriotic unity against foreign persecution. Conversely, the liberal opposition, and dissidents within the National Party, have been handicapped by sanctions.

The impact of sanctions on businessmen is critical. Forced to divert time and resources to defending immediate interests, they are less able to focus on fostering positive change. Moreover, sanctions cost jobs and cause political polarization. The minority of black South Africans in favor of sanctions (essentially, the ANC and its political allies of the United Democratic Front) *wants* polarization, as a step toward a Marxist-Leninist revolution. But this, the memorandum argues, is probably a miscalculation, in view of the enormous preponderance of military power at the government's disposal.

The key to real change thus lies not in smashing the military machine, but in changing the hearts and minds of those controlling it. What sanctions do is harden hearts and narrow minds. The memorandum quotes a carefully conducted poll among black South Africans, showing that only a quarter of them support sanctions.

One major factor is generally overlooked in the democratic West. We are used to the alternation of parties in power. When the Republicans or the Democrats are defeated in national elections, they know that another chance will come in just four years. In contrast, the National Party knows that if it yields to outside pressures by simply extending the universal franchise to the black population, it will *never* come back to power. So, the more the outside pressures mount, the more stubborn it will become.

The real need is for outside encouragement of a negotiated constitutional deal on confederal lines (as I proposed in this column on August 1 of last year), preferably accompanied by an international aid program to facilitate regional development. The stick is demonstrably counterproductive; the carrot might work, even as late as now.

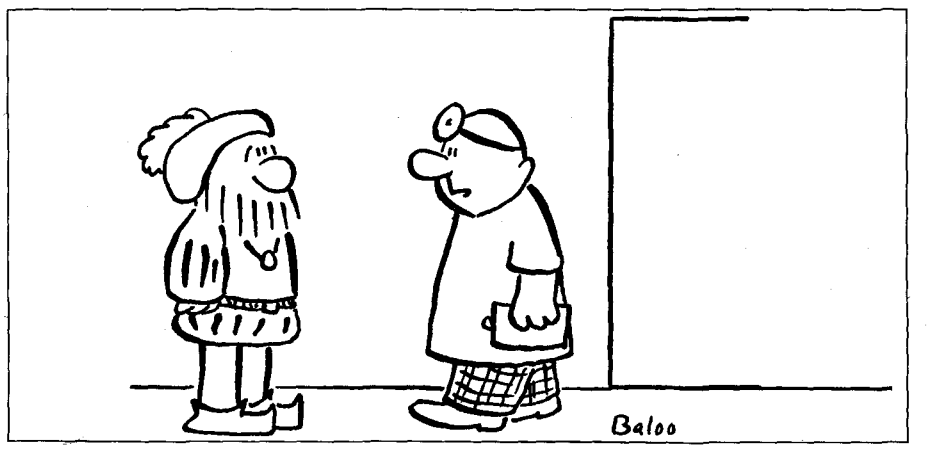
In a recent issue of London's *Sunday Observer*, the South African-born writer Anthony Sampson (author of "Anatomies" of this and that) advanced a contrary view, arguing that the recent splits within the National Party (most notably the emergence of a reformist faction led by the very able ex-ambassador to London, Denis Worrall) showed that sanctions were doing the trick, by demoralizing President P. W. Botha and his diehard colleagues.

But Mr. Sampson was missing the point. It is not necessary to like Botha (a difficult task for a non-Afrikaner), still less to approve of apartheid, to concede that in fact he has been a reforming president who has gone a long way toward dismantling "petty" apartheid. Dr. Worrall and those who share his views (including the well-known and enlightened Helen Suzman) are totally against sanctions because they know how Afrikanerdom reacts to them. They can see what lies ahead: a vicious cycle of violence and repression, culminating inevitably in a bloody civil war in which the Soviets will champion and support the ANC, with a view to establishing a black-dominated Soviet republic.

Dr. Worrall, a leading member of the commission that produced the existing constitution—with its extension of the franchise to the Asian and "colored" groups, each with its own chamber—is fully aware that the only valid long-term solution lies on confederal lines. He is fighting entrenched Afrikaner reaction and its unwitting ally, the foreign (read "American congressional") advocates of sanctions.

Is it too late to reverse the fateful trend? Too late to prevent the law of inverse consequences from working its way to an inevitably bitter end? One can only hope, while noting that the signs are less than encouraging.

Despite the lessons of contemporary history, I do have hopes for Chile, where, so far, the blinder elements in the State Department—not to mention Senator Kennedy—have failed to get their way. □



"I'm afraid she's got pneumonia this time, Lord Godiva."

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On the Reservation

AMERICA'S APARTHEID

Ted Williams

BERNICE MUSKRAT, a full-blooded Jicarilla-Apache, practices law in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where she lives with her husband and three children. A few years ago, Mrs. Muskrat noticed something fishy on the Jicarilla reservation: Tribal leaders had used federal money to buy a $9-million ranch for a Jicarilla council member, to pay the personal debts of another council member, to install a 15-mile sewer line to a single tribal-council member's house and a 25-mile electric line to another council member's house. According to Mrs. Muskrat, the tribal council converted $3 million in tribal trust funds into a family trust to benefit one council member's family. When Mrs. Muskrat accused tribal leaders of corruption, the council tried to prosecute her for defaming tribal sovereignty; it succeeded in barring her from practicing tribal law.

The only place in the free world where a citizen can be prosecuted for defaming the state is on an American Indian reservation. The U.S. Constitution does not apply on reservations. Property may be seized without just compensation. The freedoms other Americans take for granted, such as freedom of speech and assembly, are routinely and legally denied. Although tribal leaders usually must win their post by a (mail-in) vote of tribe members, once elected they reign supreme. If you are a tribe member, tribal leaders have tremendous control over you. You cannot, for example, start up a business or borrow money or collateralize a loan without their cooperation. If you complain, you are apt to be deprived of money, denied job opportunities, threatened with bodily harm. Keep complaining and you may be booted off the reservation and out of the tribe.

Not surprisingly, many Indians aren't too happy with this arrangement. "I'm tired of being suppressed," says Mrs. Muskrat. "I'm tired of the tribal government regulating my life. I'm tired of them threatening to take me to court for defaming tribal sovereignty. I'm tired of that land-tenure pattern where councils own 88 per cent of our productive lands. I'm tired of going into tribal courts, defending my clients, and having tribal lawyers write the decision before the case is heard."

There are approximately one and a half million self-proclaimed Indians in the United States, of whom about half live on or near a reservation. There are more than 260 reservations, each an independent entity with its own system of law and government and its own leaders, who collect aid from the U.S. Government and distribute it as they see fit. Reservation Indians live in a state of double dependence. They depend on the U.S. Government for handouts for food, shelter, and clothing. And they depend as well on their tribal leaders, who frequently function as despots, channeling federal payments to their own personal use and terrorizing Indians under their sway.

The Indians' special status goes back to 1871, when Congress passed a law making Indians "wards of the state." Under the Eisenhower Administration, the Federal Government adopted a new policy of encouraging Indians to end their special relationship with Washington and become part of the contemporary world. Indian leaders were horrified. When Kennedy came to power, this policy was promptly and permanently abandoned.

Of the million and a half people who have convinced the Census Bureau that they are "native," i.e., Indian, Aleut, or Eskimo, only a tiny fraction have a "native" blood quantum of even as much as 50 per cent. Currently the Indian Health Services agency is suggesting that its medical support be reserved for those who are at least one-quarter Indian. Hardly a draconian standard—but the Indian lobby, led by the National Tribal Chairmen's Association and the Native American Rights Fund, is mounting vigorous resistance.

Each year Native Americans who belong to federally recognized tribes receive roughly $3 billion from some twenty programs run by a host of federal departments,

Mr. Williams's latest book is Don't Blame the Indians, *published by GSJ Press.*

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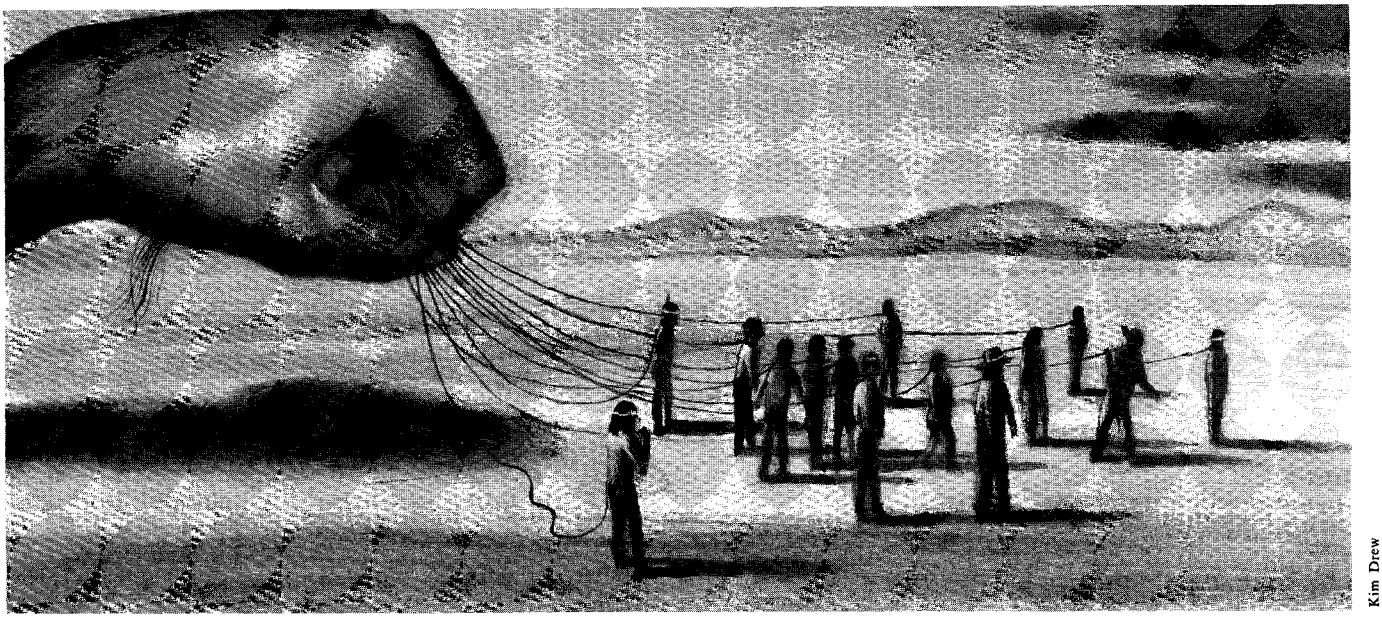

Kim Drew

chief among them the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA). From cradle to coffin they get free medical, hospital, dental, and optical care. They are given large sums of money —"tribal payment," it is called. The Federal Government provides free legal counsel, and Indians qualify for free education up to a PhD. Reservation Indians pay no state or federal taxes on land, automobiles, or income derived from their land. Indians can undercut local businesses by selling gasoline, liquor, and cigarettes sans tax. They may sell on the reservation, for off-reservation use, items that are illegal off the reservation, such as fireworks. They may sponsor and participate in high-stakes gambling. They collect huge sums of money from timber, grazing, and power-site sales. They can fish and hunt without a license and, usually, ignore seasons and bag limits with impunity. They can sell what they kill—endangered species or not—without being hampered by the legal restrictions that bind other Americans.

INDIANS PAY a high price for their special privileges. "If you want an example of the failures of socialism," remarked James Watt, then Secretary of the Interior, "don't go to Russia—come to America and go to the Indian reservations." Watt's remark brought a storm of protest from the Indian lobby, but he was right on target. American Indians have the highest infant-mortality rate, the shortest life span, the poorest housing, the poorest transportation, the lowest per-capita income, and the lowest level of education in the nation. In 1985, the BIA reported that the unemployment rate on reservations had reached 49 per cent. Other sources say it is even higher. When last the government checked, approximately 400,000 Indians (that is, one-fourth of the Indian population, or 40 per cent of those on reservations) lived below the poverty level—more than twice the proportion among the general population. No ethnic group in America has lower average income than the Indians. Suicide and alcoholism are epidemic. The rate of alcohol-related deaths among Indians is 5.6 times that of the general population. Sixty per cent of the Arapaho and Shoshone Indians on Wyoming's Wind River Reservation "drink to excess," according to the local alcoholism-treatment center.

Paul Paulos is an Outward Bound leader in northern Minnesota. Previously, he worked on the Lac Courte Oreilles Chippewa Reservation in Wisconsin with the tribal radio station WOBJ-FM, and he has served as an alcohol/drug-abuse counselor for Indians. Paulos is appalled by what he has seen of life on an Indian reservation. In explaining the problem, he makes use of a concept from behavior-modification theory called "learned helplessness." Take two groups of caged rats. Subject the first group to random electric shocks, but give the second group pedals that control when shocks are delivered. The second group flourishes, but the first group will become lethargic and listless, overeating or not eating enough—pretty much a clinical description of depression. "That's what the reservation system is," says Paulos. "They're going to get the [welfare] check regardless. The only thing kids see to do is drink. It's a very sick system—an entire culture committing a slow suicide through depression. At first I was angry; now I'm sad. Why don't they modify it so that there are some feedback loops so that the checks don't go automatically?"

Grace Goedel is a full-blooded Yakima from Marysville, Washington. She earned the hostility of the Tulalip Reservation tribal leaders by complaining about such practices as the Tulalip chairman's giving government-provided fishing boats to his brothers, sisters, nieces, and nephews, leaving everyone else with "nothing more than a paddle and a rowboat." In another instance, tribal leaders forged her name to a document giving the BIA permission to build a road through land of which she held a 2 per cent share. She is horrified by what the reservation system has wrought. "I love my people, but they're like children. They've been pampered for such a long time," says Mrs. Goedel.

Verna Lawrence, a city commissioner of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, knows about the reservation system first hand. She is a former member of the local school board, an unsuccessful candidate for Congress, and a "conservative Democrat" perpetually frustrated in her quest to find

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representation in the Democratic Party. In short, Mrs. Lawrence is what some Indians disparagingly call an "apple Indian"—red on the outside, white on the inside, Mrs. Lawrence is a card-carrying member of the Sault Ste. Marie Chippewa tribe. In fact, she used to be a member of the tribal council, until tribal leaders kicked her off because she dared to criticize the reservation system.

"The reservation system is the American form of apartheid," she declares. "It's a lesson in despair. Intelligent human beings are exiled for a lifetime and conditioned to be totally dependent on the handouts from taxpayers. . . . That's why there's so much alcoholism and suicide —because there are no challenges in their lives. What's so exciting about living on a reservation? There's nothing there." Mrs. Lawrence is troubled by the special privileges given reservation Indians, judging them a net loss when weighed against the resentment they elicit from non-Indians. "Indians get free butter, cheese, canned goods, canned milk, canned meats," she says. "Then they can go and get a card and go in with the white people and get more free commodities. They get the best of both worlds and people resent that. . . . Surplus food in our area is distributed to needy Indians only. Don't white and black people starve the same?"

MRS. LAWRENCE'S story began in the mid Seventies, when Americans were scurrying about in search of sackcloth and ashes, and Indians everywhere were hastily organizing into tribes and petitioning the BIA for recognition in order to reap lavish grants of land and money. The Indian Reorganization Act of 1934 stipulates that to be eligible for recognition a tribe must have resided on a reservation and formally accepted the act prior to 1936, but the government and the courts studiously overlook such legal details. In 1976, the newly hatched Sault Ste. Marie Tribe obtained federal recognition and attendant financial aid, including $2.7 million from the Department of Housing and Urban Development, with which it purchased and developed 76.5 acres within the city limits. The U.S. Department of the Interior accorded the new purchase the status of "trust land," without giving any notice to the city and without approval of city residents. The city, trying to contain the reservation now swollen to more than twice its original size, sought to maintain sovereignty over the land, but lost in federal court.

Kim Drew

In 1977, when Mrs. Lawrence was a city-council member, the Sault Ste. Marie Tribe of Chippewa convened a "Removal Hearing Board" to kick her off the tribal council for her remarks about the new reservation. The board found her guilty of "violating the basic concept of what an Indian tribe is," although it declined to specify just what this was. When she sought refuge under the Indian Civil Rights Act, the board ruled, without explanation, that the statute didn't apply. Because she opposed the new reservation, Mrs. Lawrence's phone was monitored and her life threatened. She was harassed by the Justice Department, the FBI, and the tribal attorney allied with Legal Services. Mrs. Lawrence claims her experience is not unusual. Tribal leaders, she says, terrify Indians into submission. "They're so corrupt that the people on the reservations are petrified of them. They have control over whether they live or die. . . . They can try any Indian that goes on the reservation even if he's not a member of the tribe. That's why I never go on a reservation. I wouldn't last two minutes. They'd tar and feather me, throw me in jail. . . . You have no recourse. Who do you go to? You've got to go to the tribal court, and the tribal chief's relatives are the judge and the jury and the police department."

Staggering under the twin burdens of economic socialism and political despotism, American Indians remain this country's most oppressed minority, an embarrassment to democratic standards, a stain upon the conscience of a nation steeped in the Judaeo-Christian ethic. Yet, egged on by tribal chiefs eager to retain their unrestricted power and ill-gotten wealth, the Federal Government continues in its current path, hurting the very people it is supposed to help. On November 30, 1984, the nine members of the Presidential Commission on Indian Reservation Economics (of whom six are Indians) presented their report, two years in the making. "One of the major obstacles to Indian economic progress," wrote the commissioners, "is the United States Government." Today the government continues in its role of parent to Indians, but it has yet to learn the first lesson of being a parent—that, often, the unkindest word you can utter is "yes."

Ed Pecore, a former tribal chairman of the Potawatomi in Oklahoma, puts it this way: "I think the reservation system is something that has gone by, that should die in history. I think to leave those people there with no work, with no future, with nothing but alcohol is a national shame. What kind of game are we playing here? Life goes on. It don't set out there on a piece of land nobody else wanted. You can't make a life out there. I think Indian people ought to be given a shot at the American way of life like anybody else." □

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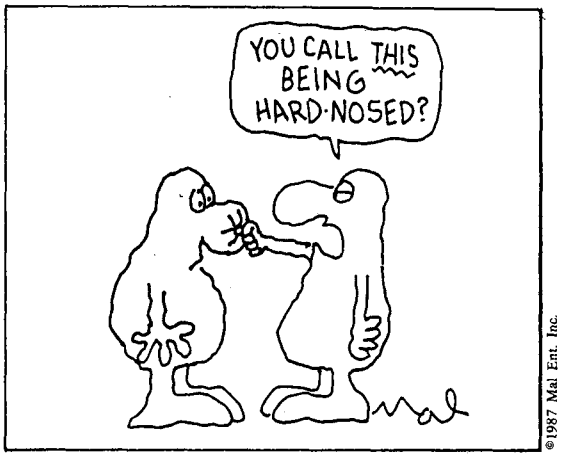
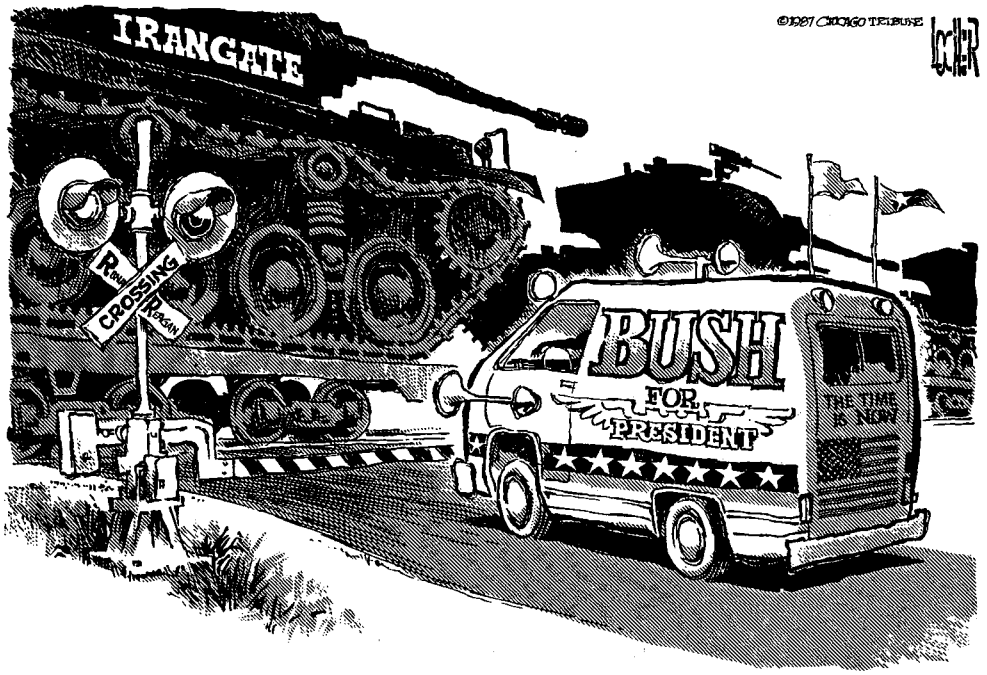


They Just Can't Keep a Secret

Though daisies never tell, dear,
Some Senate solons do,
When, after private sessions,
They rush to tattle to
A stringer on the paper
That only prints what's fit,
But always finds it's something
It simply can't omit.

W. H. von Dreele



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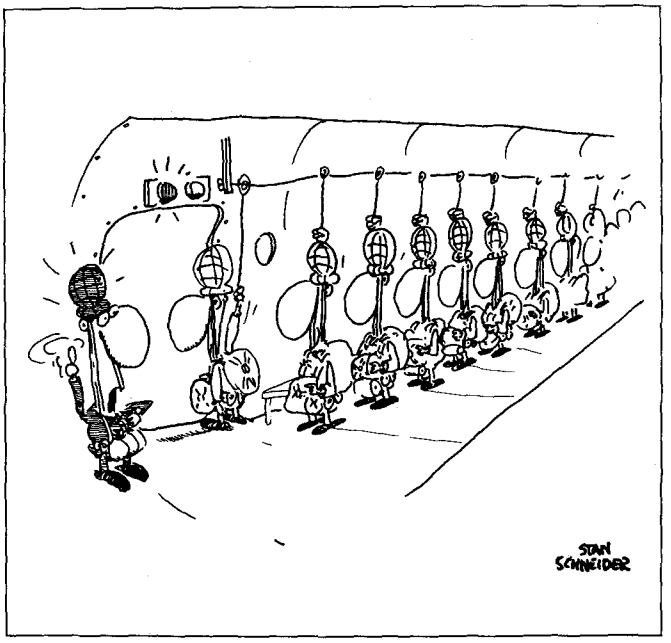
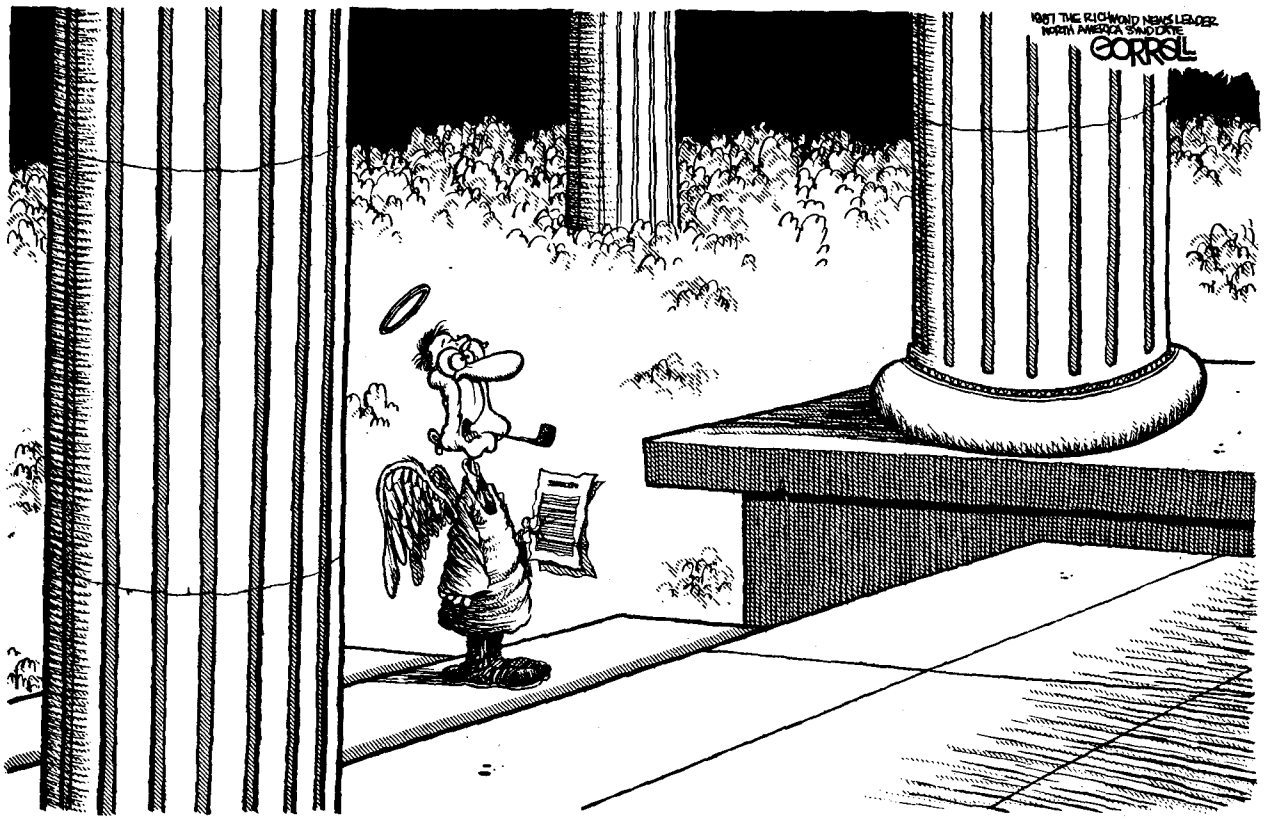


"Non-smoking section, hook up!"

"Don't leave home without it."



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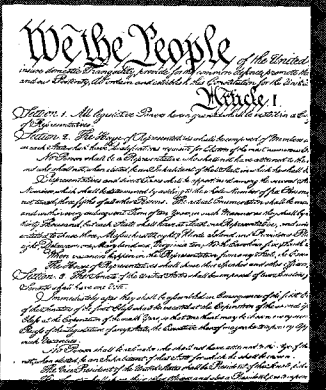

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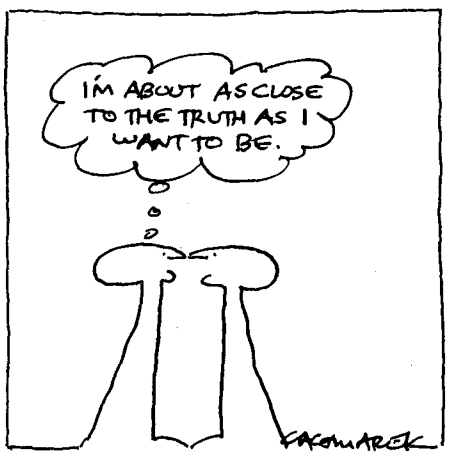
WINNING THE WAR FOR AFGHANISTAN

In the propaganda war for Afghanistan, unlike the shooting war, the Soviets have had things pretty much their own way. Hardly any distinguished visitor returns from Moscow without announcing that one or another Soviet official confided to him that Moscow is eager to find a political solution to the war in Afghanistan. Moscow has been saying the same thing since February 1980, when Armand Hammer announced that Brezhnev was eager to withdraw; but that doesn't stop each would-be diplomat from delivering the message as a brand-new development. The plea for peace is usually accompanied by a litany of reasons for Western despair: Soviet losses in Afghanistan are moderate; the economic costs of the war are manageable; the Soviet public can't put pressure on the Kremlin to withdraw. In short, we are told, sooner or later the Soviets must win the war, so the Afghans and their Western supporters might as well give in. But the doomsayers are overlooking one important fact: By remaining in Afghanistan indefinitely, Moscow risks inflaming rebellion among its own Muslim population. The growing unrest in the Muslim republics may turn out to be what finally prompts Moscow to end the Afghan war.

The Soviet Muslim republics have never been completely integrated into the Russian empire. Within these republics, all key positions in the Red Army, the KGB and the Border Guards (which are part of the KGB), the Department of Economic Planning, and the Ministries of Irrigation and Finance are controlled by Russians. The same holds true for the Communist Party hierarchy: At all levels (republic, region, district, city) the Second Secretary, who is the actual Party boss, is always a Russian or other Slav.

For sixty years, Moscow has been trying, unsuccessfully, to eradicate Islam. In 1917, in Czarist Russia's Muslim areas, there were thirty thousand mosques, each with its attached Koranic school. Today fewer than 450 mosques remain. The Soviets forced the Muslim republics to substitute the Cyrillic alphabet for the Arabic alphabet that is used throughout the Muslim world, effectively cutting Soviet Muslims off from the entire rich heritage of Islam.

But despite Moscow's best efforts, Soviet Muslims retain both their religious and their cultural identity. Muslim children are subjected to relentless anti-religious propaganda from the age of four. But today, it is among the younger Muslim generation—educated under Stalin, Khrushchev, and Brezhnev—that one finds the most outspoken nationalists. Anti-Russian sentiment is strong throughout the Muslim areas, whether in the Volga Tatar region, which was conquered by the Russians more than four centuries ago, or in Turkestan, occupied only in the last century. Russians and Muslims almost never intermarry. Soviet Muslims, particularly intellectuals, show a passionate interest in recent Islamic publications. We scholars in the West have often witnessed our visiting Central Asian colleagues rushing to the bookstores and libraries to read the forbidden writing of Pakistani, Iranian, or Egyptian fundamentalists—when they can slip the tight leash of their KGB guardians.



Unintended Opening

For more than half a century, Moscow kept the Soviet Muslim population, heirs to an ancient and brilliant Irano-Turkic culture, isolated from the rest of the Muslim world. But by invading Afghanistan, the Red Army itself lifted the Iron Curtain that has artificially isolated Soviet Tadzhiks, Uzbeks, and Turkomans from their brethren in Afghanistan and Iran. Soviet Muslims, who frequently sympathized with the Afghan Mujahedin, are no longer used as combat soldiers, but thousands of Soviet Muslims remain in Afghanistan as workers, truck drivers, interpreters, etc. Moreover, thousands of Afghans have been sent to Soviet Central Asia as students, technicians, military personnel, and political delegates.

In part because of this mingling of Soviet and Afghan Muslims, the new spirit of the Afghan Jihad is slowly but steadily spreading into Soviet Muslim territories. The war in Afghanistan is followed with an intense and passionate interest by nearly all Muslims in Central Asia. In the last two years, strong evidence, unreported in the world press, has emerged of a number

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of acts of solidarity between Central Asian Muslims and the Afghan resistance. In May 1984, a reliable émigré publication reported that a group of Soviet Tadzhiks was arrested for maintaining contacts with the Afghan resistance. In April 1984, widespread demonstrations on behalf of the Afghans occurred in the region of Termez in southern Uzbekistan. The Soviets retaliated by bombing villages in Uzbekistan (which is part of the Soviet Union itself); Soviet ground troops also participated in the raid. Following these incidents a number of Soviet Muslims —Uzbeks, Tadzhiks, and Turkomans— fled to Afghanistan; some have joined Afghan resistance guerrilla units.*

Reverse Propaganda

BOTH THE Afghan resistance and the governments of various Muslim countries have instigated a massive flow of oral and written propaganda into Soviet Central Asia. In 1984 and 1985, the Soviet Central Asian press revealed that booklets printed in Peshawar were circulating all through Central Asia, as far north as Frunze and Kirghizia. Foreign broadcasts are regularly recorded on cassettes by well-organized groups of what the Soviet press calls local "fanatics," a term generally used by the Soviets to designate members of Sufi orders. (Sufi brotherhoods are secret Islamic societies. Though forbidden by Soviet legislation, they are of growing importance within the USSR. Each Sufi brotherhood is bound by a complicated set of rules governing every aspect of an adept's life. They are united as well by a common raison d'être: the defense of Islam against the rule of the unbelievers and the turncoat Muslims who serve them.)

In December 1986, bloody anti-Russian ethnic riots took place in Alma Ata, the capital of Kazakhstan. The official reason given for the disturbances —the replacement of the local Communist Party leader by a Russian—is hardly a full explanation. According to Soviet press reports, Kazakh students (members of the Communist Youth Organization) and professors at the Alma Ata University (members of the Communist Party) were manipulated into rioting by "nationalists, hooligans, anti-social elements, and parasites." "Anti-social elements" and "parasites" are, in the Soviet political jargon of Central Asia, synonymous with Islamic fundamentalists. Those who have a personal knowledge of the political situatin in Kazakhstan, the most nationalist republic of Central Asia—those who have seen the intense, passionate concern of young Kazakh intellectuals for the cause of the Afghan Mujahedin—do not doubt that the riots in Alma Ata are in part a backlash from the war in Afghanistan.

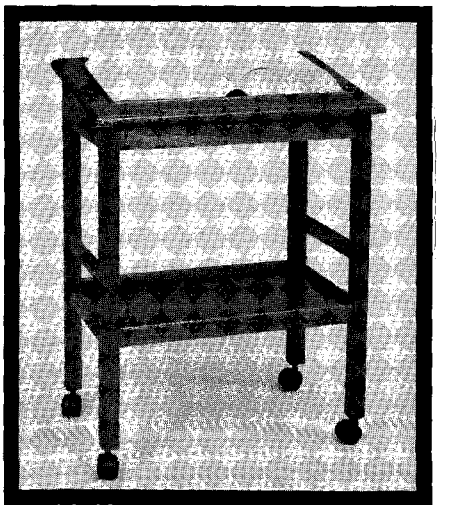
After seven years of war, the effect the Afghan resistance is having on Central Asian Muslims may be summed up by what a Central Asian intellectual told me last year while visiting Western Europe. This man, a high-ranking Communist Party member, said, "The resistance of the Afghans is for us the first gleam of hope since the Russian conquest." The Red Army, presented by official propaganda as the best in the world, invincible and unconquerable, is in fact unable, in spite of its crushing technical superiority, to overcome the determined resistance of poorly armed bands of Mujahedin. The Russian soldier looks like a poor fighter; the officers seem worthless, the high command inept. The impact of the stalemate in Afghanistan is, without exaggeration, comparable to the impact that the defeat of Russian armies in Manchuria in 1905 had on Polish, Finnish, Caucasian, and Tatar national-liberation movements.

Because of the successes of the Afghan resistance, Islam—which Soviet propaganda has portrayed as an outdated medieval relic—now appears to be younger and more dynamic than aging, dusty, and bureaucratic Marxism-Leninism. For the first time since the October Revolution, Central Asian Muslims have rediscovered the Muslim *ummah*, the "community of believers." They have discovered a new sense of kinship with the Afghans and, through them, with the entire Muslim world. For, though Russians were always hated, today the Russian conqueror is no longer a Christian, but an atheist —a difference that, in the eyes of a Muslim, degrades him to the level of an animal. For a Muslim, Christians and Jews, despite their "incomplete faith," are "People of the Book," very different from unbelievers. Even today, for Central Asian Muslims the words "atheist" and "godless" are synonymous with "scoundrel." To a Muslim, even a non-practicing one, an atheist is not a romantic rebel against convention but simply an idiot.

'Obnoxious' Islam

SOVIET OFFICIALDOM is clearly worried about the adverse political effects of the Afghan war. The Soviet mass media themselves have begun linking it with the Islamic religious revival in Central Asia. This revival is not a growth in the domesticated "official Islam" the Soviets permit, but an outbreak of radical, strongly anti-Communist and anti-Russian Islam such as the Sufi brotherhoods. The two Sufi brotherhoods that

*One of the demonstrators, a young Uzbek teacher and former member of the Communist League from Termez, who escaped to Afghanistan and joined the Mujahedin, was interviewed by an Afghan journalist in the Wardak area in 1985. In central Afghanistan the same journalist has also seen several Tadzhik and Turkoman families who escaped from the Soviet Union after the April 1984 incidents in Termez. Some of the refugees from Uzbekistan settled in the liberated areas of Afghanistan; others made their way to the refugee camps in Pakistan.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are especially active within the USSR, the Naqshbandiya and the Qadiriya, are both well represented in Afghanistan and play an active part in the Afghan resistance. Pir Syed Ahmad Gailani, hereditary leader of the Qadiriya Sufi brotherhood, heads the National Islamic Front of Afghanistan, a resistance group active in southern Afghanistan. Professor Sibghatullah Mojadedi, an important leader of Naqshbandiya Sufism, heads the small but significant National Front for the Liberation of Afghanistan.

Several Soviet rulers have publicly worried that the Islamic revival is exacerbating anti-Russian sentiment among the Muslims of Central Asia. First Secretary K. M. Makhkamov of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Tadzhikistan, recently decried "the appearance in the republic of obnoxious religious literature, recorded, written, and on video films from abroad." In January 1986, speaking at the 21st Congress of the Communist Party of Uzbekistan, First Secretary Usmankhozhaev of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Uzbekistan warned, "Religion clears the way for nationalism, chauvinism, and xenophobia."

The Golden Horde

A SUDDEN OUTBREAK of Muslim "nationalism" would not be unprecedented. It took the czars almost a century to conquer North Caucasia, and after the Communist Revolution in 1917, strong resistance re-emerged. The Basmachi movement in Central Asia held out for ten years, from 1918 to 1928. Sporadic resistance continued until 1936. Another major revolt broke out again in North Caucasia during World War II. Stalin deported one million North Caucasian Muslims to Siberia in retaliation. Perhaps as many as 30 per cent of those people died. Despite all the efforts of Soviet propaganda, the Muslims continue to view the Russians as colonizers, conquerors who rule by force.

The Soviet Muslim territories were among the most prestigious centers of world culture at a time when the Russian people were primitive and obscure. Some years ago, Samarkand celebrated the three-thousandth anniversary of its foundation. Tashkent was built two thousand years ago. Persian literature, one of the world's greatest, was born in Bokhara in the ninth century. For more than two hundred years, from the thirteenth century to the fifteenth, the Russians were vassals of the Muslim Khans of the Golden Horde. Today, Intourist touts the magnificent architectural monuments of former Islamic power in Samarkand and Bokhara as premier tourist attractions; thousands flock to admire them. For the Muslims who live among them, these buildings are monuments to their own past glories and high culture, in vivid contrast to the stolid concrete-block constructions their present rulers have imposed. The contrast between the glorious past and the dreary present is a constant goad to Muslim nationalist sentiment.

As the war drags on and Afghan resistance continues, the political climate along the entire southern "soft underbelly" of the USSR may be expected to deteriorate. A growing number of Muslims both in and outside the Soviet Union now see the war in Afghanistan as first of all an ideological conflict, a battle between Muhammad and Marx, part Holy War and part war of national liberation. Soviet Muslims perceive Marxism not as an internationalist philosophy, but as a technique devised by the Russians to protect their colonial rule.

The "contamination" of Central Asia has already begun. It is difficult to imagine how Soviet leaders can stop it. After more than half a century of isolation, the Muslim world is rediscovering its forgotten brothers inside the Soviet Union; and these in turn are discovering that although they are under the sway of the Communist empire of the Russian infidel, they truly belong to the much larger world of Islam. By the end of this century, every fourth Soviet citizen will be a Muslim. The Muslim population in Central Asia alone will be more than fifty million, and the Russians there will be reduced to a small minority. The growing destabilization of Central Asia may make the Soviets' war in Afghanistan a costly venture indeed. □

"This isn't code, comrade, it's a standard IRS form."

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CAMOUFLAGED POWER

EVERY LITTLE BAND of political saints—Jacobins, Fabians, the Bolshevik Fathers, Roosevelt's and Kennedy's brain-trusters—always proclaims one main objective: distribute power so equally among the citizens, later among all men, as to abolish it. If nobody is superior to his neighbor in wealth, education, talent—so the ideologues from French Revolutionary Gracchus Babeuf to British Labourite John Strachey have held—power will vanish, and we shall all be happy.

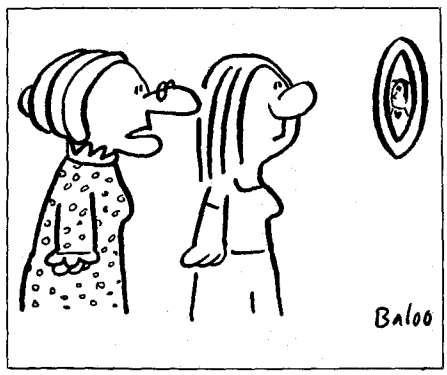
This has not happened. Some are still more equal than others, within each country or at the United Nations, whether in state, church, labor union, terrorist gang, or totalitarian party. Yet, two centuries of propaganda about the liquidation of power has achieved one notable success. Power is still what it was at the time of Caesar or Genghis Khan, but now its holders find it more suitable to camouflage themselves, to hide in falsely modest positions: not under the baldachin in the throne room, but in an office behind a battery of telephones; not in resplendent uniforms with decorations, but in suit and tie, or shirtsleeves. The modern power-holder—even the general secretary of the Soviet Communist Party—smiles to the camera instead of displaying martial features and wearing a carapace of shiny metal.

Television, irresistibly attracted to power, has greatly contributed to the camouflaging of power. Television has even sacralized power in a new way. Traditionally, sacralization was achieved by the rare exposure of hieratic figures —rulers, high priests, judges, military heroes. Distance created awe. But the opposite—constant repetition—also seems to have a hypnotic effect, making the object of the repetition appear somehow superhuman. (Propaganda and brainwashing work on the same principle.)

Power was never completely secular; historically, it was associated with the religious sphere. Temple and Palace, in spite of their frequent conflicts, were already twin institutions in ancient Egypt—though never quite equal, since one or the other periodically dominated. In the Middle Ages—notwithstanding the clashes between pope, emperor, and king—the representatives of Temple and Palace displayed almost identical power symbols. In Ernst Kantorowicz's description:

> The pope adorned his tiara with a golden crown, donned the imperial purple, and was preceded by the imperial banners when riding through the streets of Rome. The emperor wore a miter under his crown, donned the pontifical shoes and other clerical raiments, and received, like a bishop, the ring at his coronation.

Traditionally, then, the secular power obtained essential sacralization from religion. In fact, in medieval times, especially in England, jurists elaborated a vast system by which the king was supposed to have "two bodies," one the wretchedly human, sharing the common lot, the other "immortal": It never died, since at death the heir was immediately crowned and the crown estate could not be alienated.



"I'm not sure. It's either my second husband or Wendell Willkie."

Funeral monuments of kings, and also of some high prelates, actually show the mortal and emaciated, all too human body on a bed, with, above, the deathless king in regal and sacral paraphernalia.

IN THE Soviet Union this has remained the practice. Lenin's body is embalmed like the pharaohs'. His successors, wielding Marxist ideology, unite in one hand the power of Palace and Temple. It is different in the West, where the weakening of the Temple has brought about the weakening of the Palace also. Once the king was no longer supported by an unquestioned religious substructure, it was comparatively easy to proceed to the removal of the crown (at times together with the head). Kings or presidents nowadays have either a merely ceremonial role or very limited power. Only on exceptional occasions do they wear symbolic garments and surround themselves with objects symbolically derived from cosmic/transcendent forces. Traditional rulers were screened off from their subjects. Today, Ronald Reagan's problems with his colon are widely discussed, and we all remember Lyndon Johnson pulling up his shirt before the cameras to show the scars from his operation.

But for all that the dissociation of Temple and Palace ("separation of church and state") has eliminated sacred symbols as channels of the ruler's emanations, power has hardly disappeared. Instead it has migrated—*behind* the scenes. Democracy, socialism, the era of the common man, the half-secularized churches have apparently abolished power; in fact, they have created power positions as naked as the world has ever seen. No matter how splendidly appareled and surrounded the hieratic ruler used to be, he had to account to God for his ac-

(Continues on page 62)

Mr. Molnar's latest book, The Pagan Temptation, *will be published by Eerdmans in May.*

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THE SANDINISTAS' FAVORITE POET

"Has Lenin written a lot of poems?" an acquaintance of mine asked me recently.

"Lenin never wrote poetry," I said.

"But I just saw a book of his poems translated into Spanish," she said. "It's the most popular book in Nicaragua. It's everywhere."

She had just come back from Nicaragua. She is one of those starry-eyed types who travel to different places searching for the perfect revolution.

The book, as it turned out, was not a book of Lenin's poems, but a long poem *about* Lenin, written in 1924 by a Soviet poet, Vladimir Mayakovsky.

Mayakovsky—called the "Voice of the Revolution"—is the most officially revered, the most officially popularized, and the most widely published poet of the entire Communist world, from the Soviet Union to Cuba and from Bulgaria to North Korea. Unlike many official artistic heroes of socialist states, he was a true genius, a creative artist of the highest caliber. But his life and career is also a tragic study in how the very approval of the Revolution, the praise of the corrupt—and, on the artist's part, the worship of power—can destroy both art and artist, even though he may be rewarded with million-copy editions of his books, with monuments, with streets, squares, factories, and ships named in his honor.

Mayakovsky was born in 1893 in a little town in the Caucasus, the son of a forester. He was 13 when his father died, and his mother took him and his two older sisters to Moscow to live. The pension that they received for the father was inadequate, and they had to sublet part of their rented apartment.

One of the tenants turned out to be a revolutionary. Under his influence the 14-year-old Mayakovsky joined the Bolshevik Party—which, however, he left within a year, after a few run-ins with the police and three arrests. He never formally joined the Party again, explaining in one of his poems that his Bolshevik Party card was "all the hundred volumes of my Party-inspired books."

At 15 he was accepted by a Moscow art school. The surviving portraits and landscapes of those years show talent. But at the same time, he began to write poetry. Soon poetry pushed everything else in his life into the background.

His gift was apparent from the very beginning. There was no novice's timidity in Mayakovsky. His mentor, the artist and poet David Burlyuk, when introducing him would usually say: "Meet Vladimir Mayakovsky—the genius!"

In his verses the young poet was witty, bold, aggressive:

Your thought,
musing on a sodden brain
like a bloated lackey on a greasy couch,
I'll taunt with a bloody morsel of heart . . .

1914-1915*

But at the same time he was profoundly, almost painfully, romantic:

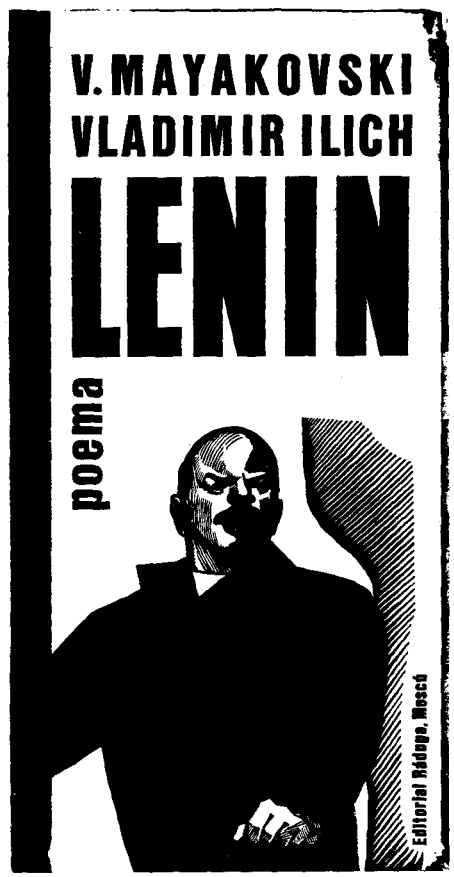
I am a prisoner.
And there is no hope of ransom!
The damned earth has bound me in chains.
I would bathe everybody in my love,
were its sea not bounded by buildings!

1916-1917†

His style was new and fresh, and he exploited the inflections of colloquial speech with extraordinary originality. Unfortunately, a translation can only hint at the power of his images:

Midnight
with sodden hands has fingered me
and the battered paling,
and the crazy cathedral galloped
in drops of downpour upon the cupola's bald pate.
I have seen Christ escape from an icon,
and the slush tearfully kiss
the windswept fringe of his tunic.
At bricks I bawl,
thrusting the dagger of desperate words
into the swollen pulp of the sky:

Cover of the edition of Lenin *sold in Nicaragua.*



Mrs. Karetnikova, a former Guggenheim fellow, writes cultural programs for the BBC and is a professor at Emerson College in Boston.

*From "The Cloud in Trousers," translation by George Reavey. (All Reavey translations are from *The Bedbug and Selected Poetry*, edited by Patricia Blake.)

†From "The Man," translation by Leon Steinmetz and Harry Thomas.

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"Sun!
Father mine!
If at least thou *wouldst have mercy*
and stop tormenting me!
For my blood thou spilled gushes down
this nether road.
That is my soul yonder
in tatters of torn cloud
against a burnt-out sky
upon the rusted cross of the belfry!"

1913*

Even at his most tormentedly romantic he retains his sharpness and his defiance of literary convention. His description of tortured love is horrifyingly accurate:

You would not recognize me now:
a bulging bulk of sinews,
groaning
and writhing.
What can such a clod desire?
Though a clod, many things!
The self does not care
whether one is cast of bronze
or the heart has an iron lining.
At night the self only desires
to steep its clangor in softness,
in woman.

And thus,
enormous,
I stood hunched by the window,
and my brow melted the glass.
What will it be: love or no-love? . . .

As you see, I'm calm!
Like the pulse
of a corpse.

1914-1915†

He is ready "to play a nocturne with just a drainpipe for a flute," and declares that he "splashed some colors from a tumbler and smeared the drab world with emotion." He addresses God, the sun, the universe as equals. He wants to begin all poetry anew, glorifying the future and condemning the present.

Even before the Revolution, his work often expressed that outrage for the plight of the underclass which has turned many a romantic into a grim socialist. But whereas most political poetry is hack work, Mayakovsky's anger—before the Revolution, at least—inspired rather than corrupted his poetry:

we,
the convicts of the City Leprous,
where gold and filth spawned lepers'
sores,
we are purer than the azure of Venice,
washed by both the sea and the sun!

I spit on the fact
that neither Homer nor Ovid
invented characters like us,
pockmarked with soot.
I know
the sun would dim, on seeing
the gold fields of our souls!

Sinews and muscles are surer than
prayers.
Must we implore the charity of the
times!
We—
each one of us—
hold in our fists
the driving belts of the worlds!

This led to my Golgothas in the halls
of Petrograd, Moscow, Odessa, and
Kiev,
where not a man
but
shouted:
"Crucify,
crucify him!"
But for me—
all of you people,
even those that harmed me—
you are dearer, more precious than
anything. . . .

I am where pain is—everywhere;
on each drop of the tear-flow
I have nailed myself on the cross.
Nothing is left to forgive.
I've cauterized the souls where
tenderness was bred.
It was harder than taking
a thousand thousand Bastilles!

And when,

with rebellion
his advent announcing,
you step to meet the savior—
then I
shall root up my soul;
I'll trample it hard
till it spread
in blood; and I offer you this as a
banner.

1914-1915*

He accepted the 1917 Revolution wholeheartedly. It seemed to him to be a continuation, a carryover into life of that same innovative, rebellious impulse that inspired his poetry. "To accept or not accept? There was no such problem for me . . ." he writes in his autobiography. "It was my revolution."

Art, according to Lenin's formula, must always be understood by the broadest masses. This was impossible in the case of Mayakovsky's sophisticated, experimental poetry. So as he started serving the Revolution, making himself its herald, he began to warp, to change, to primitivize his style, becoming a street propagandist:

Chests out! Shoulders straight!
Stick to the sky red flags adrift!
Who is marching there with the right?
Left!
Left!
Left!

1918†

He sings the working class, the Red Army, even the terror of the GPU. He believes all of this is necessary for that bright future that is already looming over the horizon. And for the sake of this future he is ready to sacrifice everything, even that which is most important to him, the center of his life—his poetry:

Give it up!
Forget it.
Spit
on rhymes
and arias
and the rose bush
and other such mawkishness
from the arsenal of the arts.

1921**

He works without sparing himself,

*From "I," translation by George Reavey.

†From "The Cloud in Trousers."

*From "The Cloud in Trousers."

†From "Left March," translation by Herbert Marshall.

**From "Order No. 2 to the Army of the Arts," translation by George Reavey.

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18 hours a day, composing captions for political posters, doggerel, fliers, satiric couplets about citizens who do not fulfill the plan or who still hold onto bourgeois prejudices like belief in God—irate, powerful rebuffs to the enemies of the new regime:

A song
and a poem
are a bomb and a banner,
and the voice of a singer
stirs up the class,
and he
who today
sings not with us
is
against us!

1927*

He dreams of becoming one with the revolutionary masses, even of sharing his poetic work with them. Upon finishing, in 1920, his long poem "The 150,000,000," he writes: "I am printing it without my name. I want everyone to add to it and improve on it."

He equates poetry with a newspaper article, a slogan, a telegram that gives only the facts. He wants

the pen to be on a par
with the bayonet;
and Stalin
to deliver his Politburo
reports
about verse in the making
as he would about pig iron
and the smelting of steel.

1925†

But what he himself is now writing is no longer poetry. It is a versified interpretation of Party slogans and decrees. "Mayakovsky read 'The 150,000,000' in a small circle. And for the first time I had nothing to say to him . . . I understood him less and less," wrote Pasternak.

But poetry would still not surrender, would not leave him completely. Occasionally, almost apologetically, he would suddenly write a few exquisite lyric poems, afterward chastising himself for weakness:

Lyrics
we've attacked
with repeated
bayonet digs

and searched for speech
sharp and redoubted.
But Poetry's
the son-of-a-bitchiest
thingummyjig:
it exists—
and you can't do a damn thing
about it.

1924*

Of all the works written by Mayakovsky glorifying the Revolution, the poem "Lenin," composed immediately after Lenin's death in 1924, is the most famous. This poem is a true hymn to the leader, the new regime, the Revolution. "Lenin" instantly became the Communist Bible.

The Party and Lenin—
brother-twins—
who is
more dear to History, their
mother?
We say:
Lenin,
and mean:
the Party,
we say:
the Party,
and mean:
Lenin.

1924†

Mayakovsky gave the Revolution his poetic voice. But Communist revolutions are made not by romantics, but by iron-willed pragmatists who use the romantics. Toward the end of the 1920s, this truth finally reached him. "I am being torn, chopped into pieces; people are being ripped away from me," he complained. Mayakovsky's romances were smashed against revolutionary reality—the lack of freedom, beautiful slogans turned into lies, bribery, bureaucracy, denunciation, terror.

Once, in one of his early poems, he pronounced: "On everything done I place 'nihil.'" Now he said it again. But it was no longer a poetic metaphor. Mayakovsky shot himself in the heart on an April morning in 1930 in his Moscow apartment. "There is no way out for me," he wrote in his last note. "There's nothing to be done."

After he committed suicide it was, for a few years, as though he was forgotten. His name was mentioned rarely, his poems published infrequently. And then suddenly, in 1935, Stalin, in a *Pravda* interview, called Mayakovsky the "best, most talented poet of our Soviet epoch. Indifference to his memory and to his work," Stalin emphasized, "is a crime."

The Party was beginning to create a Communist mythology, for which it needed an ideal Communist poet. Mayakovsky fit the bill. Now that he was dead, the Party could purge his poetry and his personality of everything that didn't conform to its dictates. His early, brilliant work was excluded from his poetry collections, which began to be published in editions running to a million copies. His suicide—if mentioned at all—was attributed to an illness, an unhappy love, an accident. While alive, Mayakovsky believed in the ideals of the Revolution too sincerely to be trusted by the revolutionaries. Besides, he was too talented. Talent is individuality. And individuality is what the Party needs least of all. After death that dangerous talent, that frightening individuality, could be edited away.

Pasternak, who rushed to Mayakovsky's apartment a few hours after the fatal shot, recalls: "He was lying on his side, face to the wall, brooding, big, sheet up to his chin . . . Proudly turning away from everybody."

His huge granite monument, however—erected, by the Politburo's decree, in the very center of Moscow—was devotedly turned toward the Kremlin.

After that, big and small monuments to him mushroomed in the satellite countries from East Berlin to Hanoi and from Havana to Sofia. Now his fame has reached far-away Nicaragua.

Mayakovsky—the favorite poet of the Sandinistas. Welcome to the club, *comandantes*! □

*From "Mr. People's Artist," translation by Leon Steinmetz and Harry Thomas.

†From "Back Home!" translation by George Reavey.

*From "Jubilee Poem," translation by Herbert Marshall.

†From "Lenin," translation by Leon Steinmetz and Harry Thomas.

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'SAFE SEX' AND THE PRESENCE OF THE ABSENCE

A YEAR AGO, the term "safe sex" became familiar in gay bars and bathhouses, but it certainly was not a staple on the college campus. Today it is. The appalling projections concerning AIDS have rung alarm bells among college administrators and health-care people, and many colleges have launched "safe sex" educational and even equipment programs.

I have before me a "safe sex" kit that was made available to all Dartmouth students this year as they registered for winter-term courses. Culturally speaking, this item is well worth some reflection. It has been said to be "on the cutting edge" of campus "safe sex" programs, and it probably is.

It consists of a plastic envelope containing two condoms, a "rubber dam," a small tube of "Probe" lubricant, a brochure about AIDS, and another brochure discussing "safe," "risky," and "dangerous" sexual practices.

(In what follows, much will be found to be distasteful or shocking—I myself had never heard of some of these sexual practices, and I have lived in Paris. Indeed, the entire project was so repellent to the normal sensibility that it evoked a denunciation from New Hampshire Governor John Sununu.)

A "rubber dam" is a three-inch square of very thin rubber. The one before me is colored green, perhaps because this is Dartmouth. It is designed for use in "rimming," as the brochure calls it, which means oral-anal gay sex. "Rimming," the brochure categorizes as "dangerous," unless the rubber dam is used. I wonder whether Princeton is providing rubber dams with orange and black stripes.

Then there is "fisting," also "dangerous": "Putting a hand or fist into someone's rectum or vagina is very dangerous because the internal tissue can be easily bruised or torn." (There is every reason to doubt that heterosexual couples are "fisting." The word "vagina" is present in the above sentence only in order to protect the gay practice.)

I had always thought "water sports" had to do with Coral Gables or Laguna Beach. Not here: "Urinating on skin without open cuts or sores is safe, but urine that enters the mouth, vagina, or rectum can spread viruses such as AIDS or hepatitis-B."

The brochure discusses "vaginal intercourse," "anal intercourse," and other practices. About anal intercourse, it says: "Without the use of a condom, this is one of the *most* dangerous practices for passing both the AIDS virus and the hepatitis-B virus. The rectal lining is often injured during anal intercourse . . ."

Following up on all this, a student phoned a Dartmouth health administrator and asked about anal intercourse. The reply: "Anal intercourse is something you could talk to more in depth with a physician . . . It's just whatever is mutually satisfying for both of you."

Asked about fisting: "Yes, mm-hmm, and it's an individual preference, of course. Whatever's comfortable and feels natural to you."

One could go on and on with example after example, but one gets the point, and no further details or examples would invalidate what follows.

First of all, though the "safe sex" brochure does mention heterosexual practices such as vaginal intercourse and oral sex, these are very much in the minority, and not "dangerous." The brochure is *really*—and without saying so; and why not?—directed at gays. It is the exotic acts that are "dangerous." There are 11 photos in the brochure, heavily cropped. In six of them, the participants can be identified as to gender, and they are homosexual. The rest are indeterminate. None is clearly heterosexual.

The brochure presents itself as value-free and non-judgmental, but of course it does have an agenda. It is sexually egalitarian, asserting implicitly that a sex act is a sex act, and that all sex acts are created equal, only some are more "dangerous." That is why the kit was made available to *all* Dartmouth students, and not just those who are devotees of "dangerous" activities. In this aspect it is part of the ongoing campaign to legitimize homosexuality as just another "preference" or "orientation."

But everyone has felt a big chill in confronting this material. In principle there is no limit here to sexual egalitarianism. Why is there no advice to the arborosexual, warning him not to mistake an elm for an oak and run the serious risk of Dutch-elm disease, not to mention the dangers from woodpeckers, or from squirrels, who can be rabid?

SHERLOCK HOLMES once solved a case because the dog didn't bark. In dealing with a work of literature, critics sometimes call this the "presence of the absence": What is *not* there becomes powerfully present to the consciousness of the reader.

What is *not* present in the Dartmouth "safe sex" kit—and no doubt in this it resembles others—is the manners and the substance of civilization.

In a discussion of these matters on the *Donahue* show recently, a woman in the audience rose to say that what is kinky for some people may not be kinky for others. No doubt true. But human experience, absorbed over millennia, has issued in an overwhelming consensus in favor of heterosexuality and some form of the family. The family has evolved all over the world as the key institution that transmits

(Continues on page 62)

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ABROAD

PARIS *Beaubourg Is Ten*

The modern-art center of Beaubourg, once the scandal and the glory of contemporary architecture, has passed its tenth anniversary and settled down to busy institutional life. And, like most museums nowadays, it needs more space. Begun on the initiative of former President Georges Pompidou, it houses the principal collection of modern painting in France, as well as a library and research center. The pressure for space has grown steadily. First the administration moved out to other quarters nearby. Soon the "classic" modern-art collection will be looking for a home elsewhere too. The library, the only one of its kind in Paris open to the general public, wants to expand into the entire present building. Criticism has been leveled at the poor showing the museum has given contemporary art. Beaubourg does have some space for such works on its neglected ground floor, but only 6 per cent of its visitors direct their footsteps there. Like most museums, Beaubourg is in the business of attracting the mass public, and to do this it must give its greatest attention and its best space to the "star" painters who already have solid followings. Pompidou's principal reason for establishing the center was to win back for Paris the position of world capital of painting from New York. Beaubourg "has undoubtedly succeeded in all respects—except in that one for which it was conceived," commented one French art critic.

SANTIAGO *The Church as Middle Way*

When Pope John Paul II arrived for a visit to Chile in early April he found a Church, unlike those in most other Latin American countries, undivided by liberation theology and similar turbulent issues. On the contrary, the Chilean Church plays a strong role in the country's affairs as a mediator between the government of General Pinochet and the principal factions of the center and the non-Communist Left. For some time now, the Church under the leadership of the Cardinal Archbishop of Santiago, Juan Francisco Fresno, has confronted the government on a number of social issues. Cardinal Fresno, himself a conservative, has been in fruitful contact with the leaders of a heretofore badly divided opposition. Last year, he persuaded them to unite behind a common program for Chile's political future, and a National Accord was subsequently signed by 13 opposition groups, including representatives from the Right and the moderate Left.

BERLIN *New Divisions*

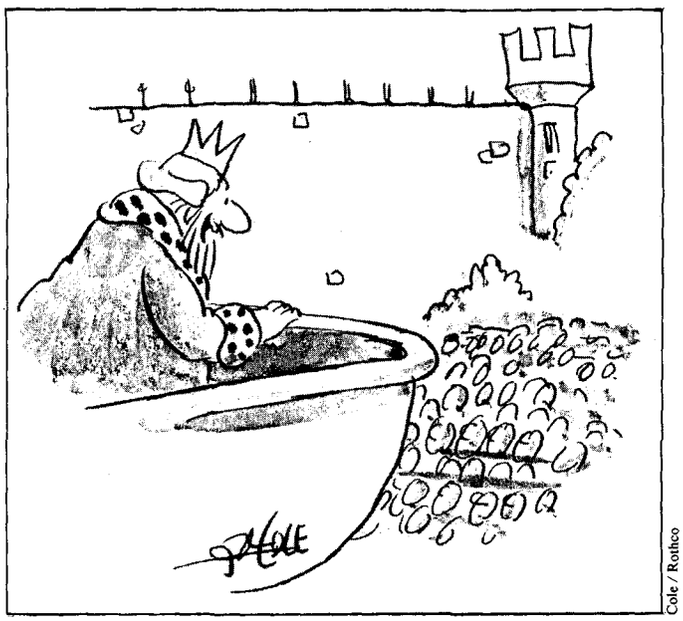
Berlin's 750th birthday is causing headaches and embarrassments. Debate rages over how West Berlin Mayor Eberhard Diepgen should answer an invitation from East German Communist leader Erich Honecker to cross the Berlin Wall for a joint anniversary celebration in October. The invitation was sent four months ago, leaving three and a half million Berliners, not to mention the three Western military governors who still nominally control the city, in ill-humored suspense. Many of the Allied leaders—American, French, and British—believe that accepting such an invitation would compromise the West Berlin population and make free propaganda for the East Germans. Others feel differently, especially young West Berliners who have no first-hand recollection of the airlift of 1948 or even the building of the Berlin Wall in 1961.

LONDON *A World of Profit*

The United Kingdom has moved into the top echelon of world arms merchants, figures for 1986 show, largely owing to an enormous contract for aircraft with the kingdom of Saudi Arabia. The United States is the biggest exporter, with a steady share of the market slightly under 40 per cent. The Soviet Union accounts for another 20 per cent. France has been capturing 13 per cent, and until now Britain has been behind at 7 per cent. The 1986 Saudi contract involves the sale of 132 planes, 72 of them Tornado fighters, and comes to the huge figure, even for arms deals, of $7.8 billion. The Saudis are paying largely in oil. The oil goes to British oil companies, which pass the proceeds along to the Ministry of Defense.

ISLAMABAD *Depoppification*

The ultimate step in controlling the source of heroin and opium—destroying poppy plants through chemical defoliation—is now being contemplated by the Pakistani government. The issue was brought into the open by Haji Mirdad Khel, a member of parliament, who said that aerial spraying of illegal poppy fields would endanger food crops growing nearby as well as the population of the Northwest Frontier, which includes several million Afghan refugees. Interior Minister Aslam Khattak replied that such a plan did exist, but that medical experts had certified that there was no danger to human life. American authorities have paid several million dollars in subsidies to Pakistani farmers over a number of years to discourage the opium poppy and to encourage other crops in its place. But the subsidies have not worked, either because it was apparent that they could be converted into repeat payments, or, as the farmers claim, because the money was diverted by corrupt officials in the distribution system.



"The trade imbalance is solved! We're going to take in washing from the Common Market."

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THE MANELESS LIONS

THERE IS AN important difference between being average and being normal. A normal lion has a mane. But suppose a plague hit liondom and all the lions lost their manes. The average lion would then be maneless, but the normal lion would still have a mane. All existing lions, unhappily, would be abnormal. The normal lion is the one that typifies leonine nature, the one that lives, flourishes, and declines in accordance with the laws of its kind. Having a mane is the right thing, the way lions ought to be, the way lions really are when they are truly themselves.

The above illustration is from Roger Scruton's recent and remarkable book, *Sexual Desire: A Moral Philosophy of the Erotic* (Free Press). Scruton is trying to establish the basis on which it is possible to speak of sexual perversion. Are bestiality, pedophilia, sadomasochism, fetishism, necrophilia, and homosexuality perversions? The answer is that they are only if you can first determine what is normal. The emancipatory intellectual mindset of the age is at war with the idea of "normal" because it implies the normative. One can point out that the sexual emancipator's argument is parasitical, since it depends upon the idea of the normative: Without the normal and normative there is nothing to be emancipated or liberated from. That is a nice debater's point, but it does not get us out of the cultural dilemma in which, for example, parents and schools feel stymied in transmitting to our children any oughts regarding sexual behavior.

Lions should have manes, you say. To which it is responded that the average lion does not have a mane, and statistics are produced showing that most maneless lions are quite happy and healthy. So who are you to impose your values by saying that lions should have manes? Yes, you say, but lions always did have manes until that terrible plague came along. Nonsense, say they. What terrible plague? Progressive lions see that it was a definite step forward to be rid of those often mangy and distinctly superfluous manes. Your problem is that you're living in the past and want everyone else to join you there.

It is ever so much more difficult to make the case for mores than for manes. There is an element of biological determinism in a species and what features are proper to it. But mores are a social construct, a cultural artifact. What man has made, man can unmake. Of course it is less difficult for religious folk, who can appeal to divine thou-shalts and thou-shalt-nots. People like Roger Scruton, however, are attempting to make a "secular" case for traditional sexual ethics. It is not easy. As with lions, there are some biological and physical determinants in deciding what is normal. But human beings are maddeningly, delightfully, and dangerously more complex than that. Ideas such as that of the person, of desire, of community, and of responsibility all call for decisions that lions cannot and do not make. And such decisions—as even many who do not want to make a "religious" argument are forced to acknowledge—require some sense of the sacred or the transcendent by which it makes sense for human beings to think of themselves as moral actors responsible for what they do.

From whatever basis the argument proceeds, one inescapable truth stands out: Sexual ethics, like all ethics, are part of a tradition. The treatment of sexual desire and behavior in traditional ethics is the subject of a continuing civilizational conversation. The Kinseys with their statistics on rutting, the epigones of Freud with their imperious drives, and the sociobiologists with their deterministic laws are all trying to bring the conversation to a halt. They have in large part succeeded. Standing outside the circle of civilizational conversation, they condemn it as an exercise in false consciousness. In classical Greece, those who were outside the civilizational circle were called barbarians. Alasdair MacIntyre is surely right in saying that the barbarians have been ruling us for some time now. They are no doubt very enlightened barbarians, very "scientific" barbarians, but barbarians nonetheless.

CIVILIZATION IS a story. That is the elementary point that Secretary of Education William Bennett has been making. From the grade-school classrooms to the graduate schools of the nation, his argument has met with outraged protest from many, as it has also been welcomed by educators who always thought it their task to tell the story to another generation. A critical part of the story is that it is not only permitted but encouraged to challenge the received wisdom. But one must know the received wisdom before one can challenge it. The fatuity of the educated barbarian is in celebrating, and thereby demeaning, dissent in the absence of anything substantive to dissent from. Apart from the culture there can be no counterculture; apart from the bourgeoisie there can be no bohemia; apart from the normal there can be no deviance. What there can be in all these instances—what in fact there pervasively is today—is a nonchalant nihilism riding a civilization that is tenuously kept going by those who recall the story line.

Current disputes about education and sexual mores expose the degree to which the leadership of a civilization has lost confidence in its story. But now, in a time of cultural eclipse, a growing bourgeois insurgency rises up against the barbarian elites who are blocking the light. In a time when the average lion is maneless, people remember how lions really are, and may be once again. □

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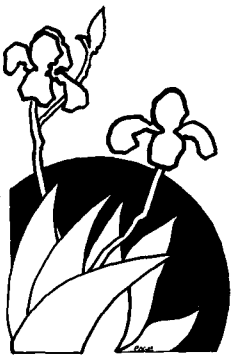
THE THIRD GENERATION

Paul M. Weyrich

The Third Generation: Young Conservatives Look to the Future, edited by Benjamin Hart (Heritage, 240 pp., $17.95 hardcover; $9.95 softcover)

To confess my bias, I know most, if not all, of the thirty young men and women who are the focus of *The Third Generation*, Ben Hart's excellent compilation of the widely divergent views of emerging young conservative leaders. Roughly speaking, "the third generation" refers to those who entered politics in the 1980s (whereas the second generation entered politics in the 1960s and '70s, and the first generation, in the 1950s or earlier). I admire their vibrant creativity and commitment to principled political action. Further, their "can do" attitude is infectious. At a time when all too many conservatives are lamenting the demise of the Reagan agenda—rather than helping to move forward with the conservative agenda—this book provides a healthy session of political therapy.



"The Third Generation" is not only a book, it is an informal institution among conservatives in Washington, young people meeting every two weeks (over soft drinks, Coors, and pretzels) at the Heritage Foundation offices. Now something of a fixture, the meetings only began in the fall of 1983, as what Hart describes as a "systematic effort to identify young conservative talent in Washington."

This book is the result of bracing, often free-wheeling discussions on both the philosophy and the practice of politics. From hundreds of hours of tapes and responses to specific questions, Hart, author of the Dartmouth memoir *Poisoned Ivy*, offers in *The Third Generation* the views of young conservatives on social justice, racism, morality in politics, welfare reform, America's proper role in the world, and the Evil Empire. Also discussed are the vision and the reality of the political revolution sparked in 1980, "war in the [political] trenches," 1980s campus radicalism, and the future of liberalism. We are offered "the radical case for freedom," and a moving tribute to Barry Goldwater from Deroy Murdock, a 23-year-old black conservative. In short, this is a surprisingly thorough review of conservatives' intellectual and practical concerns during the Reagan years.

A most encouraging observation derived from this book is that these young people regard themselves as part of something bigger than themselves. Although Richard Vigilante of NATIONAL REVIEW argues that the pressures of governance led to the death of the conservative movement (while many of his comments are profound, this is a death I somehow missed), the majority of those featured here remain committed to the vision that drove their elder brethren in the late 1970s —that conservatives can be not merely *a* force in the nation's politics but eventually *the* governing force.

There are essentially two allied but contending factions among the young conservatives. The larger faction consists of traditionalists who are committed to Judaeo-Christian values, a strong national defense, and a freer economy. Whether they call themselves New Right, populist, Christian Right, neoconservative, or, in some cases, Old Right, there is essential unity of objective (if not always in the specifics) among them. On the other hand, there are those adhering to what is somewhat loosely called the libertarian philosophy. But the libertarians we hear from in this book at times strike me as surprisingly sympathetic to the traditional moral values of mainstream conservatives.

None of this is to imply that there are no serious cross-pressures among the young conservatives. Frankly, some of the libertarian views on moral issues, represented most effectively here in the comments of the Manhattan Institute's Walter Olson and the Cato Institute's Doug Bandow, will strike the typical reader as anarchist, especially on subjects like drug use and sexual morality. In fairness, however, one is struck by a new sense of humility among the young libertarians, a sense of the limits of libertarianism. The young libertarians have grown comfortable with the wise fusionism of Frank Meyer.

Turning to the traditionalist side,

John Chamberlain, whose first NR *contribution appeared in Volume I, Number 1, is the author of* A Life with the Printed Word.

Wayne Lutton is the director of The Summit Research Institute, Manitou Springs, Colorado. His monograph The Myth of Open Borders *will be published late this spring.*

Jeffrey Meyers's books Homosexuality and Literature *(Athlone) and* Disease and the Novel *(St. Martin's) have just appeared in paperback editions.*

Paul M. Weyrich is the founder of the Heritage Foundation and president of the Free Congress Foundation, a conservative public-policy research organization based in Washington, D.C.

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there is Roy Jones of Moral Majority, convincingly reframing school prayer as a secular free-speech issue. There is Leigh Ann Metzger of Eagle Forum telling her friends (including many libertarians) that there may be *some* constitutional protections for pornography (as opposed to obscene materials), but "it is within our constitutional rights to oppose it."

Or how about David Mason, formerly of Congressman Trent Lott's staff, criticizing the third generation for consisting largely of "sophisticated political pros" and "inside-the-Beltway types" who are "slightly embarrassed about the social issues"—but who need those issues to win. There is Ralph Reed of Students for America, offering insightful comparisons between the present religious revival in America and the fundamentalist Great Awakening of the eighteenth century. There is Peter Ferrara, author of *Religion and the Constitution: A Reinterpretation*, offering a libertarian-conservative fusion in support of the right to life.

The Third Generation includes frank, and much needed, recognition that the bulk of the conservative agenda remains unfulfilled, that much of what lies before us transcends politics and reaches to first principles of democratic governance and a just social order.

What these young conservatives and philosophical libertarians are talking about is what a number of us in the second generation have called cultural conservatism. *The Third Generation* is a call for fundamental changes in direction. What conservatives are still looking for is a spectrum shift in domestic and international politics. To finally halt America's decline and fulfill the promise of the Reagan years, conservatives are seeking *not* a politics where the Right is represented by Reagan Republicanism and the center by people such as George Bush or Sam Nunn, but a politics where cultural conservatism, based on traditional morals and values, is the middle position, the position that anyone who wants to be taken seriously holds.

For too long, the cultural-conservative agenda seemed to consist of only two issues: abortion and school prayer. These continue to be core issues, but in fact ours is a much broader vision. This vision—which permeates *The Third Generation*—is of an American society where personal and sensual pleasures are put back in their proper places, recognized as important but not dominant in human existence.

When so many conservatives are lamenting the waning days of the current Presidency, it is useful to cite the words of my colleague Patrick McGuigan, one of those featured in Hart's book. At the conclusion of the chapter on the Reagan Revolution, McGuigan noted:

> President Reagan may someday be viewed as the John the Baptist of the New America. That is, he hasn't yet made America conservative, but he is a forerunner of things to come—a kind of prophet . . . Reagan articulates that conservative vision better than any major politician in U.S. history. His weakness is that his easygoing disposition and non-threatening persona have become the governing style of his Administration. Reagan is what he is: a good man, a great leader in his own way, a man who, if everything had gone perfectly, could have radically changed the course of human history, but who instead has laid the basis for the re-ordering of the American political reality. The actual re-ordering, though, will have to await a future conservative President.

Words of wisdom. Here is a recommendation from a leader of the second generation, reviewing *The Third Generation* for the flagship publication of the first generation: Buy this book. It is must reading if you want to understand the many sound reasons to be optimistic about our country and our cause. □

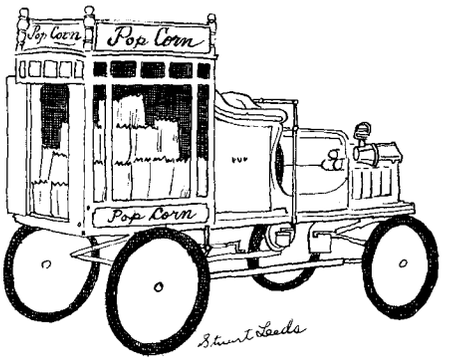
OUR GANDHI

John Chamberlain

Bearing the Cross: Martin Luther King Jr. and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, by David J. Garrow (Morrow, 800 pp., $19.95)

GEORGE WASHINGTON and Abraham Lincoln, who used to have national holidays to themselves, are left with only a merger celebration called Presidents' Day. But the Reverend Martin Luther King Jr. has, by virtue of congressional action, a day all his own.

Was he worth it? The answer of David J. Garrow, a professor of political science at New York's City College, is an emphatic yes. Garrow spent



seven years on his voluminous project, interviewing dozens of people, including such King intimates as Bayard Rustin, Ralph Abernathy, Jesse Jackson, and Andrew Young. He has had the use not only of King's personal papers but also of the thousands of pages of FBI documents that resulted from the wiretaps authorized by Bobby Kennedy and J. Edgar Hoover when it was suspected that King was taking advice from Communists. He has had sessions with Coretta Scott King, who had to forgive her martyred husband much but who carries on as president of the Martin Luther King Jr. Center for Nonviolent Social Change. The result is an intimate portrait that mingles the worst with the best, no excuses being offered for conduct that King himself stigmatized as sinful.

J. Edgar Hoover, after playing the taped evidence of King's dalliance with various women in motels, called King a "tomcat." The verdict was too harsh, for tomcats do not suffer the remorse that King felt over his infidelities. Of more moment to the future of race relations and democracy in America, King was a Southern preacher who could not bring himself to hate anybody. When, in 1955, as pastor of the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church in Montgomery, Alabama, King was called upon to support Rosa Parks, the black woman who refused to relinquish her seat in a bus, he agreed to go along with a bus boycott on condition that it be nonviolent. King's eloquence at age 26 made him a natural leader of the boycott movement. He went along, propelled by his own words. Actually, he had no desire whatsoever to spend a life on social causes. He wanted to preach Christianity to a willing flock, and he rather hoped to return from Montgomery to assist his preacher father at the Ebenezer Baptist Church in Atlanta.

One thing led to another in the

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Alabama of the Fifties and early Sixties, and King could not avoid taking up the cross that was thrust upon him. There were the Freedom Rides, the numerous drives to register black voters, the sit-ins at lunch counters, the boycotting of chain stores. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference, which King headed, was drawn into marches on Montgomery and on Washington and into pressure work designed to get John F. Kennedy and, later, Lyndon Johnson moving on civil-rights legislation. Kennedy did nothing very much to help King—he was fearful that King might be tarred with the Communist brush. Johnson did better until the exigencies of the Vietnam War began to absorb all his energies.

The important thing about King was his ability to apply the principles of Mahatma Gandhi to the struggle in this country. There were frightful jealousies among the black leaders of various organizations. Roy Wilkins of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People envied King's ability to raise money. There was a generation gap between King's SCLC and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. King had his work cut out for him to keep the movement from going off the track into witless violence, and he was almost literally worn out when an assassin's bullet killed him.

King resisted Stokely Carmichael's drive to put the SNCC behind the black-power movement. What King wanted was a Benevolent Community of whites and blacks. We aren't quite there yet, but we are much closer to it than we would have been if American blacks had listened to Carmichael instead of King.

King had tremendous courage. Unfortunately, when it came to economics, he thought in terms of clichés. All he could discern in the Goldwater movement was "racism." He was a doctrinaire socialist who couldn't see what "one man, one vote" under socialism was doing to Africa.

Since a majority of American blacks supported a Martin Luther King Day, I would not contest the choice. But a good case could be made that a better selection would have been Frederick Douglass, the colored orator of Civil War times, who was an effective abolitionist, or George Washington Carver, the "peanut man," who told Southern farmers, white and black, how to get out of soil-destroying cotton. These were better thinkers in a world that is perishing for lack of thought. □

A QUESTION OF SOVEREIGNTY

Wayne Lutton

In Liberty's Shadow: Illegal Aliens and Immigration Law Enforcement, by Edwin Harwood (Hoover, 224 pp., $25.95)

IN THE first major overhaul of U.S. immigration policy since the mid 1960s, the 99th Congress finally passed the Simpson-Rodino Immigration Reform Act, which was signed into law by President Reagan last November. Employers who persist in hiring illegal aliens will now face fines and possible imprisonment. But the goal of reducing

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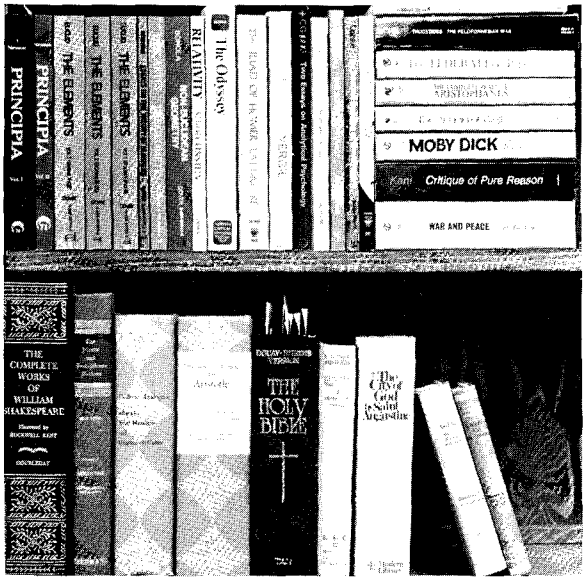

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More April Titles: *The Burger Years: Rights and Wrongs in the Supreme Court, 1969-1986* (Viking, $22.95), edited and with an introduction by Herman Schwartz, is based on a special issue of *The Nation*; in it, liberal activist lawyers examine and assess the Burger Court's major decisions. Their conclusion: that the Supreme Court under Chief Justice Warren E. Burger acted, to a surprising degree, in consonance with the principles and philosophy of its predecessor, the liberal Warren Court.

Rainbow Warrior: The French Attempt to Sink Greenpeace (Century Hutchinson/ David & Charles, $29.95), by the Sunday Times Insight Team, is an interesting account, assembled by 11 investigative reporters for the London *Sunday Times*, of the sinking of the Greenpeace ship in Auckland Harbor by seven French nationals.

In *The Family Idiot: Gustave Flaubert 1821-1857, Volume II* (Chicago, $27.50), Jean-Paul Sartre leans hard on psychoanalysis and existentialism to explain the complex origins of the novelist's art. Sartre claims that Flaubert, who proclaimed his desire to be a woman and enjoyed a number of homoerotic affairs, derived his literary ambition from impulses of revenge against a strong, too-possessive mother.

☐ Coming in May: *Rayburn* (Texas Monthly, $21.95), by D. B. Hardeman and Donald C. Bacon, looks to be an excellent biography of the late Speaker of the House, who served for 48 years in the House of Representatives. The book was begun by Hardeman, to whom Rayburn made available congressional papers and personal correspondence; when Hardeman died, more than twenty years after beginning the project, the material was turned over to Bacon, along with Hardeman's taped interviews with the Speaker. —CW

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the high level of immigration was subverted by the provision of amnesty for illegal aliens who provide documentation—easily forged—that they have resided in this country since 1982.

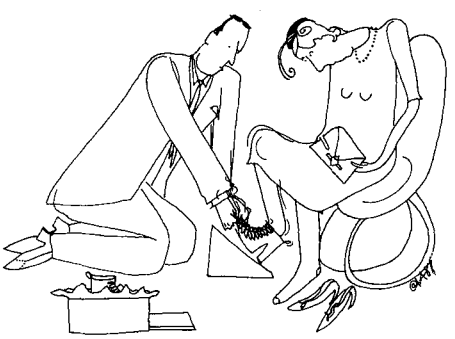
Congress acted in response to the growing public awareness that immigration was virtually out of control. Last year, 1.6 million aliens were apprehended attempting to cross our border with Mexico—and at least as many are presumed to have successfully made the crossing. In the San Diego sector alone, aliens from 67 countries were intercepted.

Illegal aliens have good reason to suspect that they will not be overly inconvenienced by the new law. As Edwin Harwood details in *In Liberty's Shadow*, since the late 1960s, the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) has had increasing difficulty contending with the rising tide of illegal immigration. Harwood explains how limited resources, political pressures from special interests, and judicial rulings have worked to undermine enforcement efforts.

A major factor is that the INS has long been severely undermanned. Especially along our two-thousand-mile southern border, manpower is stretched beyond the limit, with the INS forced to deal not merely with illegal aliens seeking work and welfare, but also with well-organized gangs of criminals and suspected terrorists.

Harwood reviews the wide variety of fraudulent immigration operations the INS tries to cope with: Some overseas travel agencies offer "illegal-entry packages" to prospective visitors to the United States. American college recruiters who go overseas to enlist foreign "students" have been known to sell student visas to unqualified applicants. Marriage-fraud ventures arrange thousands of sham marriages every year. And foreign-born criminals have been entering by the thousands. The *New York Times* reported recently that, "As the Mafia's role declines, the multi-billion-dollar heroin trade in New York is increasingly being conducted by criminal organizations that together sound like a United Nations of drug smugglers, including Chinese, Thais, Pakistanis, Indians, Iranians, Afghans, Nigerians, and Israelis."

The author discusses how the 1980 Refugee Act has encouraged a flood of frivolous political-asylum applications. Aliens often "do not put in asylum claims until after they have been apprehended. Many candidly admit to INS officers that they came to the United States for economic reasons." (On March 9, the Supreme Court handed a major victory to the Sanctuary movement, by ordering the Administration to give a much more liberal interpretation to political-asylum claims.)



In recent years, enforcement has reflected the changing political climate in Washington, D.C. President Carter, in an effort to court the Hispanic vote, placed a moratorium on INS efforts to locate illegal aliens. He also permitted thousands of Cuban criminals and Haitians to stay here after they entered illegally in 1980. Although the Reagan Administration has been more enforcement-minded than its predecessor, the INS is still "the Justice Department's poor stepchild."

Harwood provides an illuminating explanation of the complex policy dilemmas facing the INS. However, his remedy to the problem of illegal immigration—a generous guest-worker program, with aliens paying an annual fee to work here—is unlikely to have beneficial results. He also inexplicably minimizes the threat to U.S. security presented by Mexico's collapsing political establishment.

During the elections last fall, Senator Pete Wilson (R., Calif.) raised the possibility of establishing some kind of military presence on the border. Public-opinion polls suggest a broad constituency for such action. Samuel T. Francis, a leading authority on terrorism, advises that, "In the short term, modification of federal law to allow the U.S. Army to enforce border security would probably be the single most effective means of curtailing massive levels of illegal immigration as well as infiltration by terrorists or criminal elements. Such modifications have already been made to allow U.S. military participation in anti-narcotics efforts."

The placement of border guards one hundred feet apart, over two thousand miles, would require approximately 106,000 men. Allowing for shifts and vacations, 400,000 guards might be needed to seal the southern border. In practice, the number required would be much smaller, given the natural hazards posed by borderland deserts. Harwood speculates that twenty thousand additional patrol agents and investigators would suffice.

The OMB has recommended a 25 to 30 per cent reduction in funding approved by Congress last fall to en-

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force provisions of the new law. Yet, on March 11, the Administration urged Congress to increase the number of U.S troops stationed in Europe, over and above the 326,414 currently there. To some policymakers, it is heresy to suggest that U.S. troops be used to defend U.S. territory. If it is in our national interest to maintain a huge American air and ground presence to defend Western Europe, then perhaps President Reagan should invite the Bundeswehr, as an act of reciprocity, to deploy a couple of its crack Panzer divisions along the Rio Grande, and have the RAF, preferably veterans of the Falklands campaign, assist with air surveillance. As Harwood remarks, "Although national sovereignty may be at a steep discount as a political value among some groups, it is still of vital importance to the polity as a whole. Setting the terms under which aliens can enter and reside among the citizenry is inherent to the sovereignty of the modern state, and it cannot abandon its legitimate right to regulate immigration without jeopardizing that sovereignty." □

ABSOLUTE TRIUMPH

Joseph Sobran

First Things, by Hadley Arkes (Princeton, 432 pp., $50)

OF ALL THE bizarre local prejudices in the world, relativism—moral and "cultural"—must be about the strangest. No philosopher of the first rank has ever espoused it, but it has a horrible, vulgar power among the sort of minds that are numerous enough to make up a ruling elite. It generates frustrating sophistries and category confusions of the "Who says?" variety. Even if you know better, it's devilishly hard to answer.

"The root fallacy, of course," writes Hadley Arkes, "is ancient and fundamental: viz., that the absence of agreement or consensus establishes the absence of truth." He quips that modern relativists treat moral relativism "as nothing less than a necessary truth, which retains its validity in all places, even in the face of disagreement."

First Things: An Inquiry into the First Principles of Morals and Justice is an ambitious attack on this bastard doctrine and its weedy corollaries. Arkes tries to show that moral truth is as truly true as mathematical truth. He discusses the nature of man, the nature of legitimate government, the fact/value dichotomy, conscientious objection, Vietnam, the welfare state, and abortion, in effect constructing a post-Kantian version of natural law.

It would be almost absurd for me to presume to give the last word on this book in this space, rather as if a reviewer were to have given Descartes's *Meditations* four stars and the comment, "Thoughtful. Highly recommended, though not all will agree with its conclusions." This is a work of moral and political philosophy that is serious, in the sense that, for all his humor, the author is writing for people who are ready to change their lives at the end of the discussion. He writes about important matters with intellectual rigor and a completely accessible clarity. And the answers he reaches are evidently true.

Relativism gets its plausibility from the sheer fact of disagreement about moral and metaphysical things. And, especially in a "pluralistic" society, there is a residual belief that the source of morals must be the arbitrary alleged will or command of a god. The practical futility of arguing can lead to a sense of the futility of reason itself.

So religious tolerance devolves into accepting conscientious objection on vaguely "humanist" grounds, provided the humanist is "sincere." Arkes makes short work of that line of non-reasoning: "If the argument is really meant to turn on the 'sincerity' of the objector, it would be hard to understand why a court could not employ devices such as truth serum or lie-detector tests in order to establish veracity or 'sincerity.'" He goes on to show the incoherence of current appeals to "conscience," but with far more depth than has been done before. It isn't enough for him to dismiss the obvious fallacy involved in honoring every claim made in the name of conscience: He is determined to show how such claims constitute principled threats to all moral reasoning and to the possibility of genuine political community. The more thoroughly he thrashes these questions out, the more refreshing he is. He keeps pushing the discussion to new frontiers and making new discoveries, like a Euclid pursuing the corollaries of axioms until they yield surprises, the surprise consisting in undeniability.

Aristotle spoke of speech itself as man's distinctive feature, and Arkes is illuminating in his exploration of what that means. It doesn't just mean "communication" in the sense that a growl or a woof communicates the disposition of the growler or woofer. It means the capacity for universalizable utterance, for meaning, and for morality. Man is the only animal that *justifies*.

Arkes gets amazing mileage out of such truths. Our age is generally too preoccupied with cultural differences and distinctions, all the things that get lost in translation. Arkes thinks we do well to notice the things that are *kept* in translation. If we've read Homer in English, after all, we're entitled to say we've read Homer. And cultures aren't morally opaque to each other: Their moralities also "translate." A culture isn't a private language. Neither is your personal morality merely your business. You can't claim a right to kill your child on the grounds that in your opinion it isn't a child.

The pervasiveness of relativism has produced thickets of fallacy, and here

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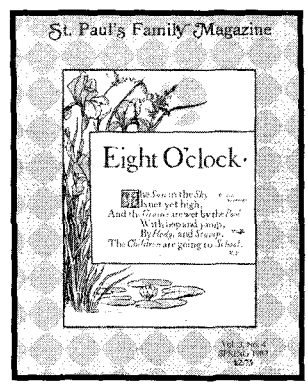

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is how Arkes handles one provided by Harry Blackmun: "If the definition of 'human' life were to depend, then, on the point of 'viability,' we would again fall into the technological fallacy: In this case, the definition of a human being would be made to rest on the current state of the art in incubator science."

That's a fair sample of how Arkes writes, and he sustains that commonsense wit even at the most abstruse levels of argument. He glides easily from the topical to the theoretical. I find his book as satisfying as it is stimulating, and I've absorbed its thesis well enough to assure you that if it's true for me, it's true for you too. □

FICTION

DE SENECTUTE

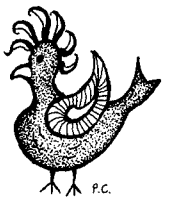
Jeffrey Meyers

The Old Devils, by Kingsley Amis (Summit, 294 pp., $16.95)

KINGSLEY AMIS, the Evelyn Waugh of our time, has even come to look and act like Waugh. On the telly, showing full jowl and beefy complexion, and sporting loud check suits, Amis condemns, with reactionary relish, all the vulgar manifestations of contemporary existence: "the orchestrated onslaught on our whole culture and way of life." In its remorseless scrutiny of the frailties of the flesh and its loathing of physical decrepitude, *The Old Devils* resembles Waugh's *Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold.* One skeletal character has a skull so narrow that it is "inadequate for an adequate amount of brain without compression of some sort."

In this novel, Amis returns to the bitter geriatric themes of *Ending Up.* Nostalgia sours into disillusionment as the old devils decline into senescence. There are "quite a good selection of things to be scared of" in old age, and from the view in winter "all those years of maturity or the prime of life or whatever you called it looked like an interval between two bouts of vomiting." Like Dylan Thomas, whose personality and poetry pervade the novel, all the characters "rage against the dying of the light."

The old Welsh couples, lacking a meaningful present—"stuck in a place like this with no prospects, no future, nothing going on"—lapse into apathetic acceptance of their dreary lot, become obsessed with their youthful past, and consume more alcohol than the characters in the most inebriate other fiction (*The Sun Also Rises, Under the Volcano*). But they are galvanized into a new awareness by the unexpected arrival of Alun and Rhiannon Weaver, who leave their successful life in London and, after thirty years, return to their emotional entanglements in Wales.



Alun, an "up-market media Welshman" and fraudulent peddler of Wales to the English, claims to have been at school with the great poet Brydan (Dylan Thomas), though they were actually three years apart. The whole attitude and tone of Alun's life is phony, and it is Brydan's overwhelming influence—his posturing and mannerisms without his vitality and strength—that makes Alun's writing so awful. He could never have hoped to be omnipresent in England, but he is going to have a bloody good try at it in Wales.

Alun is professionally exploitative and personally ambivalent about both Brydan and Wales. He cannot decide if the poet, whose village and grave he visits, was a deeply flawed genius or talented charlatan, a great writer or shabby human being. In Wales, both setting and characters are sadly run down. A typically "clapped-out industrial village [appears] on the edge of a moldering, rotting former manufacturing center and coal port in a God-forsaken province." The whole "quaint" country inspires sentimentality, dishonesty, and self-deception.

Alun—married to the vacuous (she is "not interested in anything at all") but stunning and loving Rhiannon—has the only happy and sexually active marriage. But, stimulated by goatish irresponsibility, he behaves offensively to everyone and preys on the wives of his friends. He sleeps with his old flames Gwen and Sophie, while Rhiannon is platonically courted by the grossly obese Peter and by Gwen's ineffectual husband, Malcolm. Alun's callous neglect of Sophie's husband, Charlie (while attempting to sleep with Sophie), leads to Charlie's terrifying mental breakdown.

The best (parallel) scenes in this excellent novel take place when Rhiannon steps out with her decrepit suitors. In her youth, she had become pregnant by Peter and had an abortion. She minds this but does not brood about it, and generously tells Peter: "Some of it anyway wasn't your fault. I know you think you treated me tremendously badly, love, but you didn't, not really. . . . I wanted to tell you this before anyone starts dying. Just, it was lovely." Rhiannon was Malcolm's first and last love, and he is tremendously keyed up as they set out in search of lost time. When he recalls, and she fails to recapture, the past, she cries at his disappointment and he comforts her by saying, with subtle qualification: "The fact you minded so much about not remembering, that's worth as much to me as if you had remembered, very nearly."

After an apparently healthy old devil suddenly chokes and dies of a heart attack (defaulting, ironically, on payment for drinks), the dark and disturbing comedy achieves a redemptive ending. The vaguely sketched children of two couples marry. Rhiannon reaches a *rapprochement* with Peter and inspires a long poem by Malcolm. Love and art triumph over mutability. □

FILM

BRINGING DOWN BABY

John Simon

I KNOW NO profounder epigraph for a work of art than the one Odön von Horváth affixed to his play *Tales from the Vienna Woods* (1930): "Nothing gives us such a sense of infinity as does stupidity." In German, this reads: "*Nichts gibt so sehr das Gefühl der Unendlichkeit als wie die Dummheit.*" *Als wie,* however, is a solecism; *wie* by itself is sufficient and correct. It is as if, like those Renaissance artists who painted themselves in a corner of their large group canvases, the Austrian playwright had wished to inscribe himself on the passenger list of his ship of fools. Those, bear in mind, were the days when speaking your own language badly was still considered a sign of folly.

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This melancholy truth was brought home to me again upon viewing two very different but equally praised movies: the American *Raising Arizona* and the British *The Good Father*. The former is a farce by two young brothers, Joel and Ethan Coen, whose previous acclaimed film, *Blood Simple*, I found inept and detestable, though probably better than this, their second one; the latter is a serious, almost tragic film, directed by Mike Newell (who gave us the highly lauded, but to me greatly unsatisfactory, *Dance with a Stranger*), from a screenplay by Christopher Hampton, one of England's most gifted and civilized younger playwrights. Yet though incomparably superior to *Raising Arizona*, the English film also makes foolish mistakes, ascribable either to the incompetence of the director, or to the inadequacies of the novel by Peter Prince on which it is based —or just possibly to the assumption that a film must talk down to its audience. This, alas, may be true, but it is stultifying all the same.

The Coen brothers—Joel directs, Ethan produces, both write—are typical film-school products, which means that it is even safer than usual to assume that they know little about anything other than movies. Certainly there is no evidence in their pictures of exposure to any kind of culture or of observation of humanity in any but the two-dimensional, celluloid form. *Raising Arizona* is the story of H.I., a good-natured but mildly imbecile petty criminal in the Southwest, who holds up convenience stores with an unloaded gun—which, I think, is meant to prove his niceness, not his stupidity. A repeater, he keeps being sent to the same prison to confront the same inmates, officers, and parole board, to the point where much of the film looks like stock footage, with the same shots recurring until you wonder just who is the recidivist, H.I. or the Coens.

He is always booked by the same female police officer, Ed (short for Edwina—this kind of nomenclature is typical of the upper reaches of the film's humor), who eventually marries him. Was ever woman in this humor won: while taking mug shots and fingerprints of a hood whose mug (he is played by the unprepossessing Nicolas Cage) is as godforsaken as his conversation, whose fingers are as black as the inside of his head? H.I. gives up crime and Ed retires from the police; forthwith she resolves that they must have a baby even though she is barren. Given H.I.'s record, they cannot adopt; kidnapping is the best bet, especially since Nathan Arizona, a loudmouthed furniture dealer who personally advertises on TV, has just become the father of quintuplets. Ed deems five kids too much for any family, so she gets H.I. to abscond with one of them, who may be Nathan Jr., unless he is Barry, Garry, Harry, or Larry, as (I seem to recall) the others are named.

As it happens, Nathan Jr. is nary a baby, merely a filmmaker's gadget: Buffeted about, abandoned several times on the highway or on the roof of a speeding car, dangled from the arm of a bank robber during a robbery, etc., he never cries and never makes any demands; he must be the offspring of a punching ball and a beanbag. The plot revolves—or rather careers and careens—around two jailmates of our hero's who escape and ensconce themselves in H.I. and Ed's ramshackle farmhouse and try to enlist H.I. in a series of bank robberies, but end up falling in love with Nathan Jr. and kidnapping him in turn. There is also a terrifying biker—a quasi-supernatural, seemingly indestructible, murderous sadist —who sets out to recover the baby for the reward money; and, for good measure, a neighboring couple who propose wife-swapping and, refused, threaten to report H.I. to the police as a kidnapper; as well as H.I.'s boss, who is seen recurrently mangling the same Polish joke. Why an already unfunny farce needs even more appalling comic relief, only the Coens and the reviewers who abet them could say.

Almost the entire film is a car and bike chase, interrupted by other, even cruder, forms of violence, or by somewhat quieter moments during which two or more characters vent their heaven-storming stupidity. Two of the more striking jokes are a) H.I., a complete illiterate, writing a farewell letter in perfectly spelled and grammatical Victorian-romance English; and b) the running gag whereby anyone in

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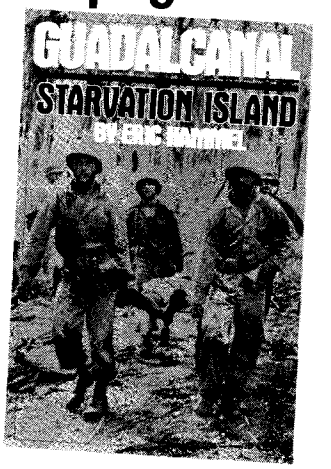

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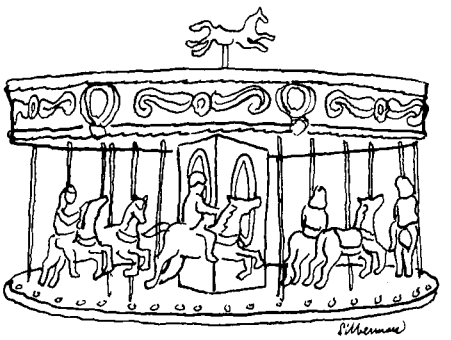
trouble—as anyone almost always is—starts roaring like a dumb, wounded beast. To be sure, no beast, however wounded, would roar that loud and long, but, then, no beast is as dumb as these characters.

So here is the problem with *Raising Arizona* and its ilk: They peddle the mere imbecility of their characters as humor. But though stupidity can be a fine subject for farce or even comedy, it has to be the recognizable stupidity of human beings who have *some* other characteristics besides stupidity. The idiocy of ordinary persons is funny; the idiocy of an idiot is sad and painful. And unrelieved idiocy is merely boring. *Raising Arizona* is an endlessly coarse, unendingly mindless film, providing a fair idea of infinity in the way Odön von Horváth pinpointed it.

THE GOOD FATHER concerns Bill Hooper, a seemingly civilized university graduate who works in advertising; he has left his wife, who has a live-in lover, and he now sees his small son only once a week. While his resentment of women in general and feminists in particular is seething, his hatred for his wife keeps boiling over. When he meets Roger—a softer, gentler man, whose ex-wife is now living with another woman and threatens to follow her to Australia, thus taking Roger's boy to the Antipodes—Bill hatches a scheme to gain full custody of the child for Roger. Posing as friendship and solidarity, this is only a gesture of vengeful projection. A nastily snobbish, disgustingly patronizing society barrister, Varner, takes on Roger's case, paid for in part by Bill, and proceeds to prosecute it ignominiously. Meanwhile Bill starts an affair with a much younger, uncomplicated woman who genuinely loves him and, to his amazement, doesn't fight with him. In the end, every victory turns into a defeat as bitter ironies proliferate.

There is the gist here of a potentially incisive social, sexual, psychological study of various relationships, but Mike Newell, the director, is hell-bent on turning his camera into a sledgehammer. Thus we have two sets of recurring images—one from a soap opera, one from a horror movie—that function as refrains or, rather, incremental repetition, gradually revealing a shocking surprise. But this sort of thing belongs in a much less serious type of film than *The Good Father*



aims to be. Again, in a long sequence in which Bill has a minor accident on his motorcycle, we get any number of extreme closeups of bits of the bike and the rider along with bizarrely angled shots of the ride, which belong in a biker movie. Newell's loathing for the upper classes (it came out, strongly but muddledly, in *Dance with a Stranger*, too) leads him to turn Varner into a sneering monster of fake gentility, a legal vulture (never mind eagle) with an Oxford accent that is sheer provocation, whom Simon Callow plays to the hilt and beyond.

None of the film's women gets sufficient attention, and even the presumably crucial relationship between Bill and his son is scanted, partly to help create a final twist. But the various overemphases and shock tactics of the film are even greater undercutters of its general credibility and dignity, further undermined by certain improbabilities, such as the slum quarters in which Bill is first seen living, and the presence of Varner at the kind of party he would never deign to attend. Moreover, major plot developments are so unprepared for as to make us feel thoroughly manipulated.

Too bad, because most of the acting is extremely persuasive: Anthony Hopkins almost succeeds in humanizing Bill (but how many times can you kick your wife's door while shouting, "bloody bitch"?) and Jim Broadbent is deeply convincing as Roger, while the women—Harriet Walter and Fanny Viner as the wives, Joanne Whalley as the mistress, and Miriam Margolyes as a feminist lawyer—do wonders in skimpy roles. The locations are often well chosen—Newell has a gift for atmospheric sequences—and once in a while Hampton's or Prince's dialogue becomes absorbing, even as the odd episode, such as Bill's paying his wife for the damage he has done to her door, is managed with welcome subtlety. Yet it is impossible to escape the feeling that is another era, when certain matters could not have been treated quite so explicitly, the film as a whole would have been handled more intelligently, suggestively, and powerfully. Is it the filmmakers or the audiences who are to blame for this broadening and flattening process—or are they both whirling away in the same vicious circle? □

DELECTATIONS

MORE THAN A MEAL

Nika Hazelton

AS A FOOD WRITER, I am frequently asked about the most memorable meals of my life. Invariably, I say that I consider the question a silly one, since meals depend so much on the circumstances in which they are eaten. Whereupon I am told that that makes me an example of food writers who do not really care for food! Me, of all people, who have spent the best years of my life writing cookbooks, which means the endless testing of recipes to make them as foolproof as possible. (I have strong feelings on the subject, because a) it is low-class not to do one's best and b) you cannot return a cookbook because it gives poor instructions, as you can return an appliance, for instance, that does not live up to its claims.)

It is true that there are two kinds of cookbook people: writers who cook, and cooks who write. I belong to the first category, whereas the late, great James Beard, God rest his soul, belonged to the second. We often discussed this interesting point in our 7 A.M. conversations—he was the only person I have ever known with whom it was possible to discuss life so early in the morning.

To come back to memorable meals. One I remember especially took place on the island of Ischia, off Naples. My mother and I were spending the summer there, she to take the baths and I because daughters in my youth went wherever their mothers went. The waters of Ischia, my mother was told, would stimulate her circulation, and unlike the German and Swiss spas whose waters would do the same, Ischia was

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conveniently close. My mother's day was quite fully occupied with bathing, mud packs, and massages, whereas I had nothing to do but to bathe in the warm blue Mediterranean Sea and explore the cliffs and caves of that part of the island from a rowboat—both pursuits I excelled at.

In those days, Ischia was rustic and simple, offering nothing but health-giving waters; now it has become a fashionable island dotted with large villas of the rich and famous. From the little town where the healthful waters benefited the vacationers, it was customary to walk to a tiny village situated on a promontory to see "*il raggio verde*," a green ray that occurred when the sun set on the watery horizon. The green ray of Forio d'Ischia had been made famous by a journalist who claimed to have seen this curious phenomenon repeatedly, although others, less fortunate in their viewing, remained skeptical. Nevertheless, the mile-long walk to Forio each evening remained a pleasant diversion for the health-seekers, including my mother.

In the course of waiting for the sun to make his last dash across the Mediterranean, we came to know a family of genuine Ischian fishermen who, like us, lingered, waiting for the green ray. But unlike us, they firmly believed in it, and did a lot of talking about its beauty, etc., etc. From a photo of the family that has survived, I see that besides father and mother, there were three strapping sons and a mousy daughter. Among the sons, one was becoming my special friend. He advised me on how to see the best caves from my rowboat and offered to take me there personally—an offer that was instantly scotched by my mother and his. Well, the friendship between the two ladies from Rome, as we were known, and the fisherman's family blossomed to such an extent that we were invited to dine at their house the next Sunday.

On that fateful day, my mother and I turned up with the box of chocolates that was de rigueur at all dinner invitations. The house was as plain and bare as any Mediterranean fisherman's home, but we could not help feeling a certain excitement in our hosts. After the traditional preprandial vermouth, we sat down to the traditional spaghetti alla Napolitana, that is, with tomato sauce. Then our hostess carried in an enormous round white platter bearing the main dish: an octopus the size of a two-year-old's head, with all of its tentacles. The beast had been boiled, and then prettified with a garland of mayonnaise and parsley. Excitedly, our hosts and their children pointed out to us that this emperor among octopuses, to use their expression, was so wonderful a rarity, such a delight to eat, that we should thank heaven for providing us with such a treat. And talking of treats, said the young fisherman who had become my friend, looking at my mother, what about my marrying him as soon as we could settle on the church?

My mother told me later that the proposal must have been agreed on by the family earlier. All I remember is my utter, total surprise. My mother, however, showed no annoyance. Speaking rapidly, she made a lot of face-saving remarks, addressing them largely to our hostess, who, as a mother, would understand that I was far too young even to think of marriage. After all, I was only 14 years old, though my behavior was that of a much older girl, to her sorrow, she added.

But since she and I had been honored with such a magnificent octopus, she was going to be the first to eat a piece of it. This she did, without blanching. Invited to do the same, I screwed up all my courage and somehow managed to swallow one of the beast's tentacles. Unfortunately, I got sick immediately, but I managed to leave the table in a great hurry to throw up outside the house. The next day, my body was covered with boils, which the local doctor diagnosed as owing to fish poisoning. The day after that, I was back in Rome. All my mother said about the whole affair was that young girls should never go out rowing alone, nor take advice from young fishermen. □

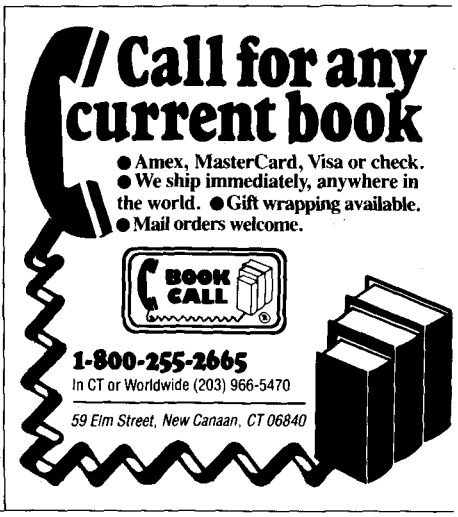
THE GIMLET EYE

CORPORATE AMERICA SUCKS UP

D. Keith Mano

IN 1968, securities analyst Alice Tepper Marlin was asked by a Boston pension fund to compile her first "peace portfolio." She did "arduous research." When it came to their involvement in Vietnam, most American corporations were less forthcoming than a Victorian pillar box. But Mrs. Marlin soldiered on. She already had the look and sound of a young Eleanor Roosevelt (if that isn't oxymoronic); now she had her liberal cause to go with them. Afterward more than six hundred church and civic fora expressed interest in this pacifist document. Soon Mrs. Marlin would found her Council on Economic Priorities (CEP). Those priorities, to be sure, were the priorities of Alice Tepper Marlin.

It's 1987. Corporate America has been out of Vietnam for a long time,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but now Mrs. Marlin and CEP want it to withdraw from Fort Dix also. At a dismal club-disco known as 4D (4F would be more apt), CEP held the first annual Corporate Conscience Awards. If, as a pre-written release said, "more than a thousand people" showed up, the PR staff must've given credit for split personalities. "Just think," the coltish Mrs. Marlin said, "let each of us base only 5 per cent of our buying on socially conscious scorekeeping, and corporate leadership will take notice." These were "the Grammies of the corporate world."

The corporate world got pretty docile at 4D. Conscience doth make big chickens of us all. Encomia and some dishonorable mention were given out for charitable work, corporate disclosure, indignation against South Africa, and so on. The private sector seemed uncomfortable, as any death-row inmate would, receiving praise from his executioner. They came up, sheepish or sheep-like (just one representative would dare speak), to accept a glass salad bowl and applause full of liberal condescension. Gloria Steinem, in her miniskirt, let Avon have the fair-employment award and this reassuring comment: "I always wanted to radicalize Avon women and send them out as agents of revolution." Mr. Avon, he jes' smile. What we have in CEP is a suave and forceful leftist operation.

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

ONE MIGHT easily gather, from following the arguments of many pro-immigrationist writers, that the immigration "crisis" amounts to nothing more threatening than the benign influx of millions of problem-solvers, New Pioneers, and energetic, idealistic converts who, in the words of Tom Bethell, "because they are the ones who will appreciate the country, will defend it and perpetuate it" (*The American Spectator*, August 1984). According to such arguments, the American Way is comparable to a hothouse filled with rare and luxuriant plants whose effulgence effects a magical transformation of those alien spirits who breathe the atmosphere preserved under the vaulted dome. This idea is essentially a romantically extended variation of the old melting-pot notion, says Brent A. Nelson, author of *Assimilation: The Ideal and the Reality* (The American Immigration Control Foundation, Water Street, P.O. Box 525, Monterey, Va. 24465; $2). Nelson continues: "According to the most optimistic exponents of this belief, the Republic will endure even if the descendants of its founders go into extinction because it is based on an imperishable tradition going back to William Blackstone, John Locke, the Magna Carta, and Anglo-Saxon common law."

The "melting-pot ideal," Nelson explains, is the second stage in the evolution of an American theory of ethnic and cultural assimilation. The first stage, "Anglo-conformity," demanded nothing less than the total renunciation of the immigrants' inherited culture and the total acceptance of that of the Anglo-Saxon plurality. The conformist phase prevailed nearly to the end of the nineteenth century, to be superseded, over the next twenty years, by the melting-pot phase, which gave way in its turn, during the 1920s, to the charms of "cultural pluralism," with its appeal to what Milton M. Gordon, in *Assimilation in American Life*, called "the preservation of the communal life and significant portions of the culture of the later immigrant groups within the context of American citizenship and political and economic integration into American society." Since the 1920s, of course, "Anglo-conformity" has been a dead duck as far as the American polity has been concerned; it has been almost wholly displaced by the melting-pot notion, as well as, to a lesser extent, by "cultural pluralism." To the extent that "Anglo-conformity" lingers at all, it finds expression in the aforementioned belief that—somehow—the Anglo-Saxon heritage retains mystical properties capable of processing millions of impoverished Mexican peasants, Middle Eastern *fellahin*, and Asiatic refugees into so many Jeffersonian republicans.

This vestigial belief in the superior power of the Anglo-Saxon example, Nelson believes, would be "simply an innocuous illusion were there not indications that official public policy is moving in a direction directly contrary to the Anglo-Saxon political tradition," toward what Gordon has called a "corporate pluralism" envisioning "a nation where its racial and ethnic entities are formally recognized as such . . . and where patterns of political power and economic reward are based on a distributive formula which postulates group rights and which defines group membership as an important factor in the outcome for individuals." "Corporate pluralism," although in a sense only the latest manifestation of cultural pluralism, differs nevertheless from the liberal pluralism that preceded it in disavowing all pretense of promoting assimilation; by replacing the idea of individual merit with that of "group rewards," Gordon argues, corporate pluralism acts as a powerful discouragement of assimilation. Is it not therefore reasonable, Nelson adds, "to expect that the present problems will only be exacerbated with the incorporation —one cannot call it assimilation—of masses of Third World immigrants," most if not all of them from cultures lacking both a tradition and a comprehension of democracy?

The significance of the lack of such an inheritance has rather lately been explored by two scholars, Carmi Schooler of the National Institute of Mental Health and Andrew Greeley of the National Opinion Research Center. Though arrived at independently, the conclusions of Schooler and Greeley are mutually reinforcing; and while their arguments are too complex to be recapitulated here, they clearly suggest that the hoary assumption that differing levels of political participation among ethnic groups is mainly explicable by time of arrival in America is greatly in need of revision. Far more important may be these groups' temporal closeness to a feudal past and feudal traditions. "If," Nelson concludes, "such wide divergences have appeared in the ways that Irish and German immigrants have 'assimilated' the Anglo-Saxon political tradition . . . , after even a cursory survey of the Third World, anyone can see that only a foolish ethnocentrism can account for the fond belief of many Americans that their political heritage . . . will in the future transform and overwhelm all that is alien." □

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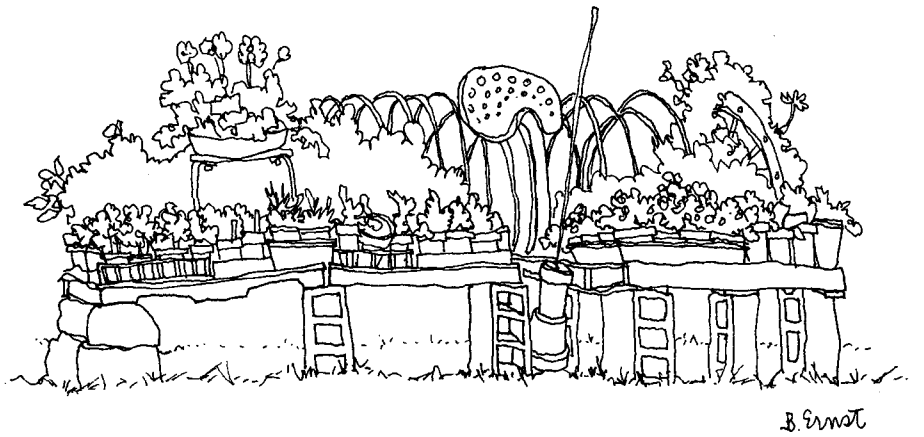

Let me not be unsporting about it, though. A consumer lobby is valid, and the free market should have resilience enough to adapt or absorb. There are, however, three distinct areas in which purchasing leverage has influence. 1) Product performance. The most legitimate and organic free-market pressure: more or less what *Consumer Reports* has been up to since forever. But CEP couldn't care less: "No preference or opinion is expressed about the products themselves." If Brand X peanut butter has a lingering taste of flea dip, but the manufacturer won't sell to South Africa—shut up and eat. 2) Workplace issues. Fair employment, pension, health insurance, whatever. This is a region that the union movement has traditionally been involved in. Where CEP concentrates on affirmative action, fairness will easily become an adjunct to liberal statist social engineering. 3) Blatant activism. CEP means to paralyze South Africa and leave the U.S. in military equilibrium with Liechtenstein. This is no longer a consumer lobby. Consumers have been advised to sacrifice financial and utilitarian benefits for the elitist political maneuvering of Mrs. Marlin and her radic-lib staff.

All this retail prejudice is now available at your bookstore. In *Rating America's Corporate Conscience*, by Alice Marlin, Steve Lydenberg, and Sean Strub, a consumer can learn to eat, drink, and drive politically. Each product chart has the following: item (say, toothpaste), brand name (say, Gleem), manufacturer (say, P&G), and a compassion quotient in eight categories of liberal concern. Let me examine one or two.

Size of Charitable Contributions. P&G, for instance, got a big triple-dollar-sign rating. But "charitable" isn't quite what you'd expect. Giving to the United Way or cancer research doesn't rank as high as "social" philanthropy—child care, job training, urban revitalization. Some young black entrepreneur might be distressed to know that CEP considers him the economic equivalent of a paraplegic.

Nuclear- and Conventional-Weapons-Related Contracts. The former, I would guess, more heinous than the latter. CEP supported a nuclear freeze when that was Gorbachic. Always *au courant*, CEP is now down on SDI. Why? Well, "CEP finds that contractors hired to research the Star Wars program stand to gain billions of dollars." What do they expect? SDI technology can't be produced in a Harlem storefront. Instead, CEP has come out with a paper on missile-site verification by existing technology. Existing technology doesn't provide for the moral regeneration of Soviet leaders. I make this prophetic statement: By 1990 Mrs. Marlin will decide that SDI is offensive weaponry. Corporations that participate are bound to get the same black mark reserved for napalm and chemical warfare.

But they won't mind. After all, the price of social outreach or lost defense work ultimately has to be paid by consumers. CEP is, in one sense, levying a value-added tax: the values added are activist/liberal. That strange lump in your expensive peanut butter is a day-care program. But, even more significantly, CEP has been careful to perpetuate the corporate status quo. Just those 130 largest American firms are under surveillance. In fact, this is an exclusive club. P&G may be favored over Colgate for now, but they're both club members still. The small, new entrepreneur, however, has no recourse. He will not be listed positively or negatively by CEP. So the big 130 have an interest in maintaining CEP's cartel of concern. They're a fat aphid herd, regularly tickled and milked. The smart aphids know enough to enjoy it, because CEP is protecting their market share.

But activism can cut another way. For every ADA rating there is a mirror-image ACU score. CEP research could be publicized, with due acknowledgment, by some influential conservative organization. Next year why not offer a Corporate Patriotism Award? The firm that has most conscientiously (and efficiently) contributed to United States defense research could be honored at Limelight. "Put your money where your values are," said Alice Tepper Marlin. Right. I mean to buy the peanut butter that makes America strong. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The American Catholic People: Their Beliefs, Practices, and Values, by George Gallup Jr. and Jim Castelli (Doubleday, 206 pp., $15.95)

THE CHIEF revelation, if you can call it that, in this peculiar survey on the religious and cultural attitudes of American Catholics is that they have, to a very considerable extent, taken on the coloration of the society in which they live. American Catholics—as distinct from Americans who are of the Roman Catholic faith and practice—are hardly distinguishable from their thoroughly secularized neighbors. The difference is that Roman Catholics take their teachings and guidelines from the Vatican rather than from, say, the United States Catholic Conference based in Washington, D.C. It may be

(Continues on page 62)

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Best of all, you can see it all as often as you want (not to mention inviting your family and friends in for a party). All in full color, shot by professional cameramen who roamed through the glorious Plaza Hotel's Grand Ballroom catching the action just as it actually happened—it's all *live* and as close to you as if you were there yourself at the next table. Bill Buckley supplies suitable narration, so you won't miss seeing any of the notables as the camera sweeps through the happy throng (there's Clare Boothe Luce, here's Priscilla Buckley at the President's table, Tom Selleck is over there—you won't miss anybody).

The videocassette itself is handsomely boxed in a protective case with a wrap-around, wide-angle photo of the festive diners. It's something you'll treasure (you may also consider it the perfect gift for somebody you know who has everything—except *this*!). You can get it for yourself for just $79.95 a print. Just use the handy coupon on the facing page to order as many as you like.

Not every retiring Managing Editor gets to sit at the right hand of the President: Ronald Reagan will describe Priscilla Buckley as "the eye of the hurricane" at 150 East 35th Street.

"Moses and the true believers: Charlton Heston hovers over Nancy Reagan and William F. Buckley at the Plaza."—**M**

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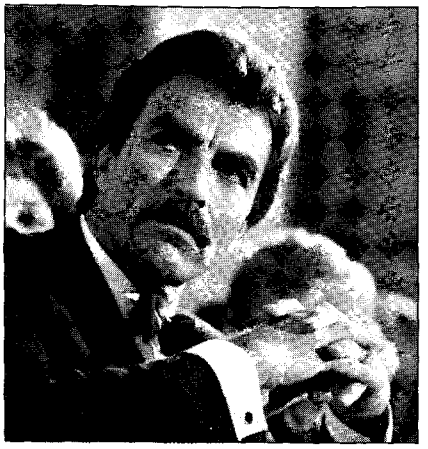
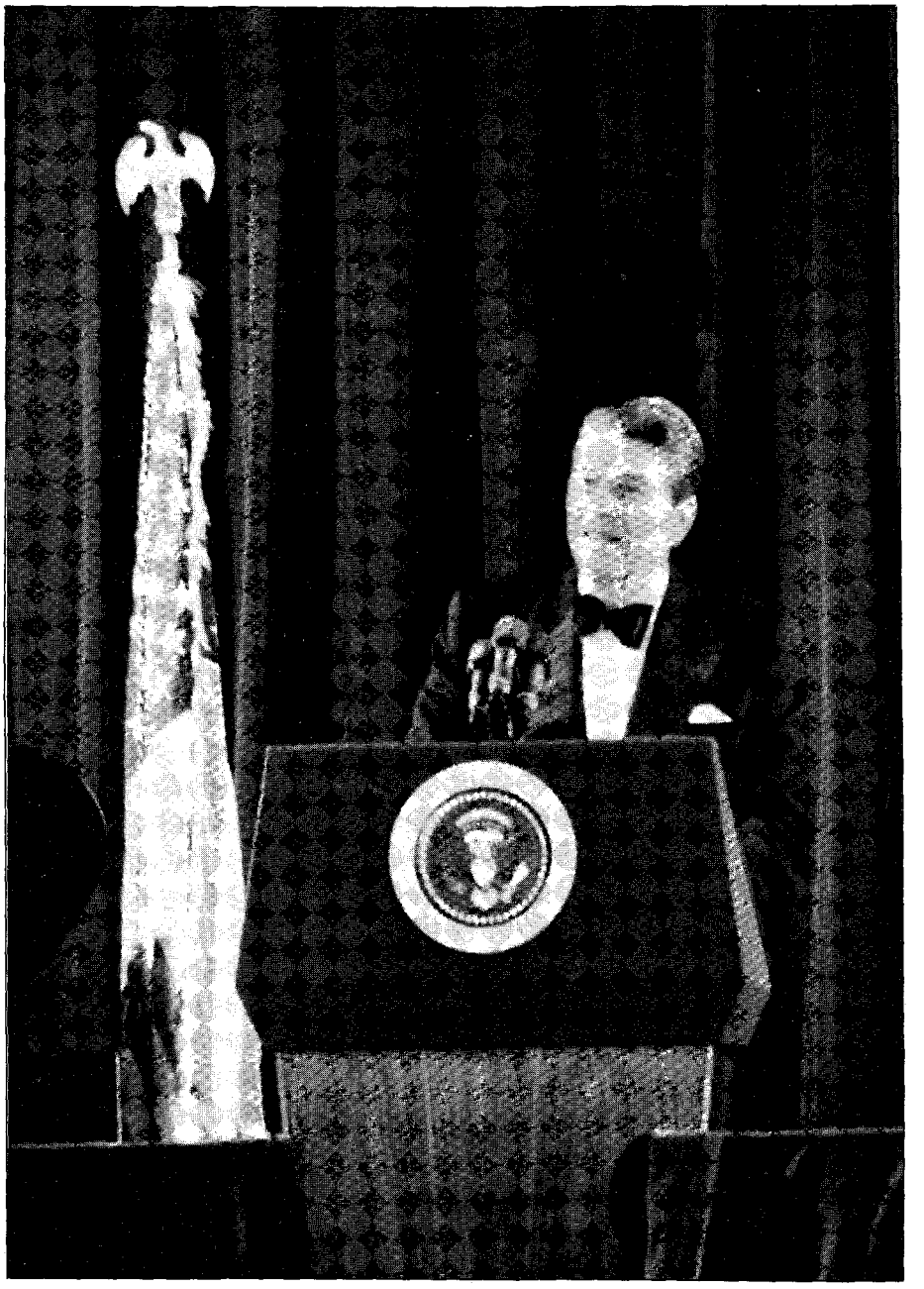


Top: Congressman Jack Kemp—"In twentieth-century America, who says 'conservatism' says National Review.*"*

Bottom: "The gathering was a Who's Who of conservatism—supplemented by neoconservatives, a few journalists, and Tom Selleck."
—The Washington Post

Right: "The man standing before you now was a Democrat when he picked up his first issue in a plain brown wrapper; and even now, as an occupant of public housing, he awaits as anxiously as ever his biweekly edition—without the wrapper."



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ON HAVING FUN WITH FUNDAMENTALISTS

NEW YORK, APRIL 10

IT IS THE season to be jolly at the expense of the television/radio preachers. Oh my, how those saintly television commentators are enjoying it all! And the press in and around Washington has not had so much fun since Congressman Robert Bauman was caught in mid speech denouncing juvenile delinquency, while contributing to it. The implicit notion here of course is that the whole idea—the idea of preaching the word of Christ on television—is discredited. How is that? Well, because a preacher called Jim Bakker (pronounced, to the eternal distress of the Secretary of the Treasury, "Jim Baker") engaged in an act of adultery, and then paid out blackmail money to prevent its getting out.

Implicit in the handling of the story is the message that those who do not practice what they preach invalidate that which they preach. To suggest such a thing is to betray a most awful misunderstanding of Christian teaching. The man whom Christ designated as the rock on whom He would found His Church sinned three times before the cock crowed. It is testimony to the profoundest understanding of Christian teaching that such generalities as "Physician, heal thyself" are utterly empty of moral and empirical meaning. If a doctor himself smokes cigarettes or drinks alcohol to excess, his failings do not invalidate his medical advice to others not to yield to weaknesses he cannot dominate. After receiving a scolding from his physician for drinking too much, a character in Rabelais responds, "Forsooth, I do believe I know more old drunkards than I do old doctors."

It has not been noticed in these accounts that we are dealing with a communion of people among whom an act of adultery is a Watergate-gravity offense. There is a certain irony in beholding the mirth among people for whom an act of adultery is no more offensive than, oh, drinking white wine with red meat, over the distress caused by a single act of adultery by a preacher who preaches against adultery. We tend to be much more understanding of politicians who preach thrift and practice prodigality.

Whatever virtues Mr. Bakker does regularly practice, asceticism is certainly not one of them. That paradox is as old as the first effort by the first pilgrim in the first catacomb to make a sacrifice in order to adorn an altar. That habit, in 1,100 years, produced the Cathedral of Chartres: whose incomparable beauty gladdened the heart not only of Henry Adams, but also of the thousands of peasants who made sacrifices to create it. The adornment of the altars led, almost inevitably, to the adornment of the houses of the ministers of the altars, and the bejeweled palaces in which the popes and the cardinals and the archbishops lived. In some, the paradox (despite the things of this world) is never jarring: Pope Pius XII could be wearing the Hope Diamond and still, beholding him, one saw a man wearing the simplest cassock, pursuing the vision of Christ. Nothing Christ taught requires despising beautiful surroundings. But He did teach that priorities must inform the Christian, and it is not easy for anyone to judge whether the apparent vulgarity of the physical surroundings of the Reverend Jim Bakker reflects a disorder in his spiritual discipline. That he did not, at a crucial point, succeed in resisting temptation merely confirms that he was a sinner. That he expressed contrition invokes the extra-secular promise of forgiveness, seventy times seven. But even granted divine forgiveness, there is the penance to be paid, and he is paying it by losing his exalted position in the public ministry.

There is great sport in catching up the hypocrite, but the cliché ("Hypocrisy is the tribute that vice pays to virtue") must never get lost in the bargain. A few years ago, such hypocrisy transpired in what might well have been a scene from a play by Neil Simon. On their wedding night, two graduates of a fundamentalist Baptist college resolved to come clean, and first she, then he, admitted to not being a virgin. Further exploration revealed that they had both lost their virginity at play with Billy James Hargis, the president of their fundamentalist college.

The point is that Christianity not only survives such enormities, it takes strength from them because the abiding lessons of Christianity are reaffirmed: Man is a sinner. Man can repent. God will forgive. That is so very different from the fashionable secular complement, which is: What is sin? □

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THE MUSEUM WITHOUT WALLS

NEW YORK, APRIL 13

CONCERNING THE sale of van Gogh's *Sunflowers* for $40 million, a few observations.

1. It is quite right that the Art World (as it designates itself in the headlines) is "shocked" by the transaction, but there is a dirty little secret here that is the source of some gratification—but wait a moment on that one. The most specific example of the art world's shock was the statement made by Philippe de Montebello, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He gave the loudest whistle, indeed it had a little of the sound of a death rattle. "I feel like a fossil awakened in another era. The commission alone paid to Christie's exceeds the Metropolitan's total art-purchase funds for a year. Therefore I feel so removed from this phenomenon I can only watch in amazement." The economic event has this meaning: that, at the price level for the Masters suggested by the van Gogh sale, museums are out of business.

2. It is amusing to apply to art the economic techniques practiced most recently by the Hunt brothers when, in 1977, they attempted to corner the silver market. The technique is as old as macroeconomics: Buy up the controlling supply of any good, and you control its effective price.

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OPEC did it with oil, until OPEC fell apart, and the Hunt brothers had silver selling for $48 an ounce.

Now imagine a situation in which, say, a Japanese cartel decided to corner the market in old masterpieces. Such a cartel would need to be very well capitalized. Van Gogh (we are using round figures) has a hundred canvases of comparable or near-comparable value. That's $4 billion right there—for just one of, say, fifty artists who attain to that rank. Renoir painted or drew 17,000 canvases—you do the arithmetic. But just as the Hunt brothers were finally done in by all the silver coming out from under the mattress, the Old Mastersuoto Cartel would almost certainly be done in by the marginal sale from the marginal museum. The Albuquerque Museum of Modern Art might decide that the people of Albuquerque would be better off with $40 million worth of other things than with one van Gogh.

3. Professor Edward Banfield of Harvard wrote a very provocative book several years ago called *The Democratic Muse*. The book drove art dealers and museums crazy by asserting two or three propositions.

The first of these is that reproductive techniques have reached a level of competence comparable to what audio technology has attained. If somebody slips a shower curtain over you, you will not be able to tell whether you are surrounded by a symphony orchestra or by amplification so refined as to make absolutely the same sounds. By the same token, Professor Banfield reminds us, there are spectrographic whizz-making techniques that permit the reproduction of an oil painting with such fidelity as to make it impossible for the expert to distinguish the facsimile from the real thing. Indeed, in order to preserve the identity of the originals it is usually required that the reproduction be an inch longer or an inch shorter, for the record.

We have had, Professor Banfield points out, lawsuits having to do with the question whether this canvas or that one is an original or a forgery. Five experts will be invited in, they will spend hours examining the pictures, and the ruling will be 3 to 2 in favor of Version A. Whereupon Version A is worth five million dollars, and Version B is worth 25 dollars. Question: Does that really make sense? If even experts can be fooled, can't laymen expect to get the same pleasure from viewing Version B that they will now get from viewing Version A? Ah, some will say: but a part of the pleasure of viewing Version A is that the public is viewing something worth five million dollars. To which the professor says: But you could draw as big a crowd by accumulating five million dollars in hundred-dollar bills and piling them onto a shelf in the museum.

4. The suspicion crystallizes that the preposterous price of original art works is a subtle collusion between the art dealers and the collectors. And the question inevitably arises: Haven't they overplayed their hand? If modern technology has indeed permitted us to live in a museum without walls, then why don't we do to great art what we have done to great music: put it on a disc and sell it for $29.95. Okay, make the appropriate modifications. But the van Gogh sale may do to art what the incremental silver dollar did to the Hunts when somebody turned it in to their perspiring cartel and said: Here, give me 75 bucks for this one-buck piece of silver. □

WHOSE CREDIBILITY?

NEW YORK, APRIL 6

ON THE critical night—Wednesday night—en route to an engagement, one got the news of the dramatic day in the Senate from the television nightly news. The first great hunk of one of the thirty-minute news roundups (from which, it is said, 70 per cent of Americans get their news) was devoted to the excitement. . . . The Senate failed by a single vote to override the President's veto. . . . This means that the President, far from being a discredited lame duck, is firmly back in the saddle. . . . Wait a minute! Wait a minute! There's a senator down there whose hand is held up. Wants to say something. It is—it is . . . Senator Terry Sanford from North Carolina. He says he wants to change his vote! Senator Dole is saying: Oh no you don't—we had the vote and it's over and out. . . . Tremendous pressure has been put on Terry Sanford, and he is saying something about . . . how he's proved this . . . now he wants to prove that . . . He's saying something. There is a big parliamentary collision. But the highway people have won. There will be another vote tomorrow. With Senator Sanford voting the other way. It looks as though President Reagan will lose his credibility after all.

Then, for those who wanted just a little peek at exactly what the fuss was all about, NBC Television News took us to Altoona, Pennsylvania. Altoona has had a rough economic time, what with the closing of so much of smokestack America. We visit with some old-timers there, and they are clucking in disappointment over President Reagan. Doesn't President Reagan know that Altoona is depending heavily on that spur to a highway that would connect Altoona to that big interstate line? Does Reagan have any idea what he is inflicting on Altoona? Or is he just too sleepy to worry about Altoona?

And then we go to California. Or was it Nevada? And we visit with some truck drivers, and they are just shaking their heads. They can't really believe it that the man they voted for for President has just vetoed a bill that would permit them to drive 65 miles per hour on rural interstates, instead of 55 miles per hour. One leaves that interview with the same feeling in the stomach the French Communists had when, in 1939, they woke up to find that Stalin had signed a pact with Adolf Hitler: I mean, how low can treachery get?

Not one sentence was uttered to describe the 65-mph amendment as nothing more than congressional boob-bait. Nobody got around to saying that the President was in favor of raising the speed limit to 65 mph, and would gladly sign a bill to that effect within 15 minutes of its passage by Congress. But no, Congress was being petulant: If it couldn't get its $88 billion for its pork barrel, then the American people could not get their 65 miles per hour: and everybody would join in blaming Reagan for it. Nobody—not ever—suggested that if the need of Altoona for that highway spur was so desperate, why, the people of Pennsylvania could dig into their pockets and pay for it. Pennsylvania is right there in the middle of the per-capita earners in America, ranking 24th. As things turn out, here is how it will go. Internal Revenue will collect taxes in Pennsylvania, which taxes will go to Washington. There, as I wrote once when on a generic fling, the money will spend an expensive night out on the town. Then the same money will go back to Pennsylvania to build the Altoona spur. The people of Pennsylvania will pay more taxes to help Altoona via Washington than they would if they just helped Altoona directly. But these not-so-trivial subtleties aren't given by television news, which, if it gave us *Hamlet*, would cut the soliloquies.

HAS REAGAN lost his credibility? Surely a very different question is front and center: Has Congress lost its credibility? We hear nothing from senators and representatives running for re-election but low moans about the national budget deficit. But every single one of the Democrats votes for a bill that is at minimum $10 billion—three times, by the way, what we are spending on Star Wars—gooey, fat-filled, pork-barrel starch. And we ask about the credibility of the man who vetoed this bill. It is said that when the President pleaded with the 13 members of his party to vote the national interest rather than the narrow constituency, five senators said okay, they would change their vote—provided the balance of the 13 members would change their vote. No, nothing doing, the Republican big-spenders said. They were not going to invest Reagan with credibility at the cost of their right to go with the herd into aimless profligacy. □

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BOOK BRIEFS

(Continued from page 57)

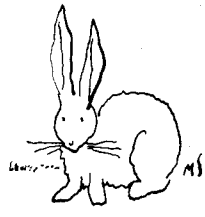
all very interesting to learn from the pollsters what American Catholics, as such, may believe on this or that political, economic, or social issue; but, really, in the end, who cares? The Catholic Church (Roman *or* American) has long since lost its political—and, God knows, moral—clout in this country. The election of John F. Kennedy to the Presidency actually neutralized Catholic influence, instead of enhancing it as almost everyone at the time presumed it would. As for the questions in this survey that have to do with doctrine and moral theology, it is simply irrelevant whether, for instance, certain percentages of American Catholics accept abortion on demand, homosexual practices, women's ordination, and the like. For the point is, of course, that the Roman Catholic Church is not an egalitarian society. It is hierarchical and it is authoritative. And yet the researchers for this survey have apparently labored under the delusion that American egalitarianism can be applied to the principles and teachings of the Church itself. George Gallup Jr. is at least doing his job as a professional pollster, but what's Jim Castelli's excuse? He has been known to many as a particularly biased journalist in the Church press, and this survey is yet another exercise in the feasibility of establishing the demotic phenomenon of an American Catholic Church. THOMAS P. MCDONNELL

MOLNAR

(Continued from page 39)

tions. Bishop Bossuet preached before Louis XIV that kings are mortal, earth and dust. Most twentieth-century power-holders do not believe in God or immortality, and have no use for court etiquette (although their wives do). They are also aware that "popular sovereignty" is a play on words, and they exercise power accordingly. Behind the title of party secretary, union leader, corporation head, television executive, or newspaper editor—the power elite—awesome power accumulates, often with possibilities for dynastic continuity, as with the higher-ups of the *nomenklatura* or tyrants like Ceausescu.

Does this new form of power seek sacralization? Not directly, not openly. Yet the power-holders vaguely comprehend that power seeks legitimacy and that only the sacred can reliably offer it. Two avenues are open. One is leftist ideology, a caricature of the sacred, which it projects into the future happy state. Its sacred myths remain unquestioned, and it wears the garb of popular consent: It claims to have obtained the approval of history, which legitimizes the sacrifices and holocausts that ideology demands. The other avenue is a reformulation of the state, no longer resting on transcendent mysteries, but rather on the mass contentment that science, technology, and bureaucracy promise to deliver.



Both are fragile sources of the permanence that only sacralization can confer. Camouflaged power has one tremendously important factor working against it: Power must satisfy the senses, appear in ceremonial forms, point to a divine source. Industrial society does not fulfill these requirements; it secures more power to its largely nameless manipulators than James I or Louis XIV ever had, but it satisfies neither the holder's nor the citizen's imagination and need for ritual and symbol. Television, by focusing and insisting, goes a long way toward satisfying the craving for image, but it gives all images equal importance and renders indistinguishable the king and his fool.

The whole world can watch, "as if you were there," the wedding of Prince Charles, future king of England, or the swearing in of the American President. Yet the close-up not only informs, it also dismantles its object and dilutes the sacred therein. A few years ago I saw a telecast Mass in Spain. The camera eye penetrated as far as the priest's tongue with the Host on it. This spoiled all veneration, which demands distance, infrequency, uniqueness, elevation, majesty. For both Palace and Temple, ours is the century of the profane. □

HART

(Continued from page 43)

values to the future, and civilization rightly esteems those who participate in this process—and disesteems deviants. Yes, deviants, and rubber-dam me no rubber dams.

It would not have been difficult for the Dartmouth material to have gently called attention to the consensus of the human race—not sermonized, but called attention to it. But it was precisely the agenda *not* to do so; the agenda is implicitly subversive and destructive of the accumulated values of civilization. It is striking that the Dartmouth material, issued in response to the AIDS crisis, does not even mention what is *medically* obvious, viz., that the fewer partners one has, the lower the risk one incurs. In the interest of its egalitarian, pansexual agenda, the Dartmouth material suppresses even this *medical* fact.

But of course. Because civilization has an interest in sexual restraint, and the people who concocted the Dartmouth "safe sex" kit have no consciousness of, or allegiance to, civilization.

Precisely *there* is the presence of the absence, a Mengele-like absence, if you will.

Dartmouth, of course, is not at all value-free. It will certainly not countenance "racism" or issue brochures about "safe" methods of cross-burning. But it will package a rubber dam for rimming and discuss water sports, and, well, we get the point.

Now whatever else it has done, AIDS has provided us with a marvelous metaphor, applicable to all of the above.

HIV, the AIDS virus, is a "retrovirus." A retrovirus has the capacity to invade healthy cells, re-encode them, and cause them to produce . . . more retroviruses.

The genetic blueprint of the retrovirus is in the form of RNA, ribonucleic acid. The virus carries an enzyme, called reverse transcriptase, that changes RNA into DNA, deoxyribonucleic acid, which carries the deadly instruction to the cell to make more viruses through its own reproductive mechanism. HIV even has a property that acts like the "fast forward" button on a tape recorder. Cells invaded by HIV produce virus particles several thousand times as fast as would normally be expected.

Thus our metaphor. HIV, the complete subversive, stands in relation to a healthy cell as the "liberalism" of the Dartmouth "safe sex" kit stands to a viable civilization. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

THEODORE PARKER:

Democracy

A democracy, that is a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people; of course, a government of the principles of eternal justice, the unchanging law of God; for shortness' sake I will call it the idea of Freedom.

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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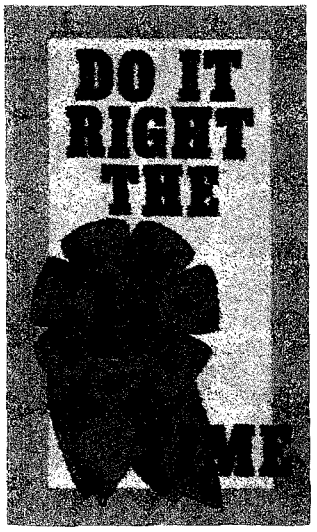

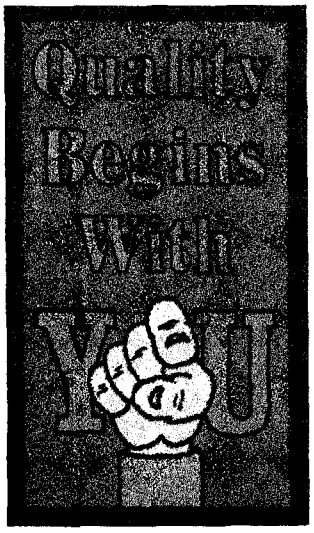

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Italian or German
35 170 133 67 101 76 121 13

B. Important Kremlin bunch
62 166 120 26 85 48 148 5 99

C. A fjord is one
173 45 20 90 161 68 122

D. Popular toy that is really on a roll
113 34 169 23 82 89 127 156 73 54

E. Tot's favorite thoroughfare (2 words)
93 130 143 33 117 80 17 153 106 4
50 69

F. Progressive, to the French (hyph.)
96 160 64 124 78 1 146 16 140 32

G. Total anew
157 63 98 115 42 28 168 10

H. Imps who caused engine problems in WW II aircraft
79 60 134 18 152 172 38 112

I. Cerebral disorder
53 72 92 7 176 31 129 110

J. City in southern New Hampshire
88 123 29 70 167 114

K. Fierce cruelty
150 83 128 119 57 162 105 3 39 24

L. Jewish exclamation (2 words)
163 55 138 111 21

M. City in eastern Virginia
77 136 43 164 102 9 65

N. We are all allowed to pursue this
154 12 144 94 159 81 71 61 30

O. Testy banking position?
155 11 84 132 151 41 139 51

P. The stock market took this in 1929
174 27 75 145 14 107 52 131

Q. Entrepreneur, at times (2 words)
158 59 46 97 91 22 147 2 118

R. Toys full of ups and downs (hyph.)
109 87 126 47 135

S. Imparted secrets
175 56 149 66 37 125 15 116

T. At sea
137 40 103 141

U. Celestial body
8 58 108 44 100 142 86 25

V. Saturday on Sunday
19 95 49 104 74 36 171 6 165

1 F	2 Q	3 K	4 E	5 B	6 V	7 I		8 U	9 M	10 G	11 O	12 N	13 A	14 P	15 S	16 F		17 E	18 H	19 V
20 C	21 L		22 Q		23 D	24 K	25 U	26 B	27 P	28 G	29 J		30 N	31 I	32 F	33 E	34 D	35 A	36 V	
37 S	38 H		39 K	40 T	41 O	42 G	43 M	44 U	45 C	46 Q		47 R	48 B	49 V	50 E	51 O	52 P	53 I	54 D	
55 L	56 S	57 K		58 U	59 Q	60 H		61 N	62 B	63 G	64 F	65 M		66 S	67 A	68 C		69 E	70 J	71 N
	72 I	73 D	74 V	75 P	76 A	77 M	78 F		79 H	80 E	81 N	82 D	83 K	84 O	85 B	86 U	87 R	88 J		89 D
90 C	91 Q		92 I		93 E	94 N	95 V	96 F	97 Q		98 G	99 B	100U		101A	102M	103T	104V	105K	106E
107P	108U	109R		110I	111L	112H		113D	114J	115G	116S		117E	118Q		119K	120B	121A	122C	
123J	124F	125S		126R	127D	128K		129I	130E	131P	132O		133A	134H	135R	136M	137T	138L	139O	140F
	141T	142U		143E	144N	145P	146F	147Q		148B	149S	150K	151O	152H		153E	154N	155O		156D
157G	158Q	159N	160F	161C	162K		163L	164M		165V	166B	167J	168G		169D	170A	171V	172H	173C	174P
175S	176I																			

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 63 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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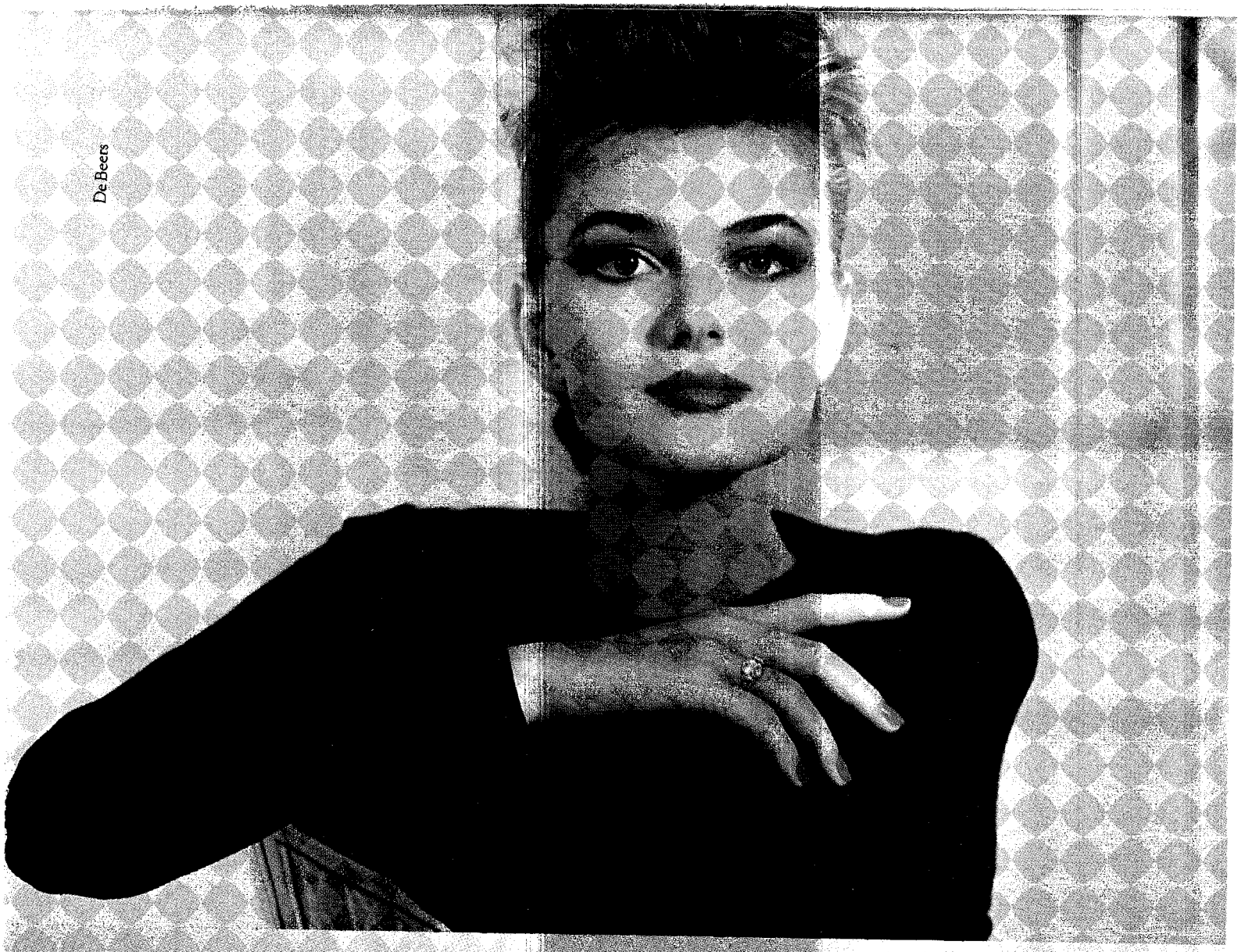
De Beers



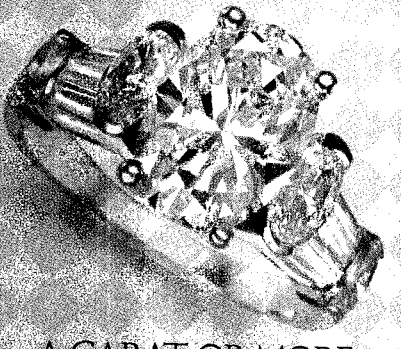
"I LOOKED AT THIS INCREDIBLE DIAMOND. I LOOKED AT HER. I HAD TO SEE THEM TOGETHER."

Every quality diamond of a carat or more is one of nature's rarest and most exquisite phenomena—with more fire, more sparkle and scintillation.

Each is a visible reflection of you. Unique in all the world, possessing four characteristics that set it apart forever. They are called the 4Cs: Cut, Color, Clarity and Carat-weight. These determine the value of a diamond—and to an astonishing degree, the beauty and value of your jewelry.

Your jeweler is the expert where diamonds are concerned. His knowledge can help make the acquisition of a quality diamond of a carat or more the beautiful, rewarding experience it should be.

A diamond is forever.



The ring shown features a quality diamond of 2 carats.

A CARAT OR MORE. EXTRAORDINARY DIAMONDS FOR EXTRAORDINARY WOMEN.

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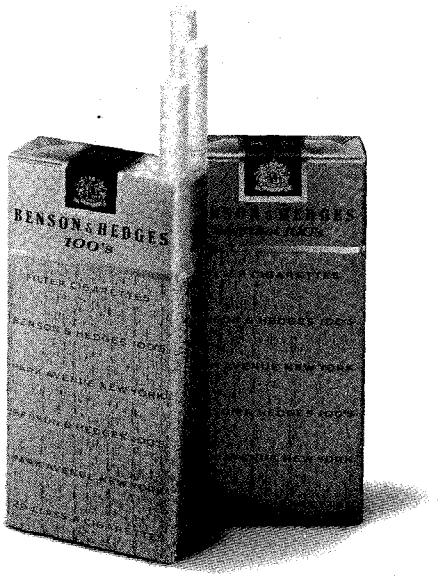
For people who like to smoke...



BENSON & HEDGES

because quality matters.

16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

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